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THE
CHARMER:

A CHOICE
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS,
SCOTS and ENGLISH.

MUSIC has CHARMS to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers, and persuasive sound.

CONGREVE.

The THIRD EDITION.

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T H E C H A R M E R.

A choice Collection of SONGS.

The power of Music; by Mr SMITH.

MUSIC, how pow'rful is thy charm!
That can the fiercest rage disarm,
Calm passions in a human breast,
And lull ev'n jealousy to rest;
With amorous thoughts the soul inspire,
Or kindle up a warlike fire.

So great is music's pow'r.

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,
Could rocks remove, and stones inspire;
Command a city to arise,
And lofty buildings touch the skies;
While stones, obedient to his call,
Harmonious mov'd, and form'd a wall.

Arion, from his vessel cast,
In safety o'er the seas he past:
For, mounted like the ocean's god,
Upon a dolphin's back he rode,
Whilst shoals of fishes flock'd around,
Well pleas'd drank in the charming sound.

Sad Orpheus, through hell's dreary coast,
Was seeking for his consort lost,
His music drew the ghosts along,
And furies listen'd to his song;

A

His

His song could Charon's rage disarm,
And Pluto and his consort charm.

Inflam'd by music soldiers fight,
Inspir'd by music poets write;
Music can heal the lover's wounds,
And calm fierce rage by gentle sounds;
Philosophy attempts in vain,
What music can with ease attain.
So great is music's pow'r.

Tune, ALLOA-HOUSE.

MY time, O ye muses, was happily spent,
When Phebe went with me where-ever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast;
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest:
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she.

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day:
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known:
My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am sure, it weighs more than a
[pound.]

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;

Must

Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain ?
Peace then with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime !
But now, in their frolicks, when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass ;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see,
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head :
But now, when he's fawning, I with a frow look
Cry, Sirrah, and give him a blow with my crook ;
And I'll give him another ; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away !

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen ?
How fair was the flow'r, how fresh was the green ?
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made ?
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear ;
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both, all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too ;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet :
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone ;
Her voice in the consort, as now I have found,
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Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
 And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
 Does ought of their sweetness the blossoms beguile?
 That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
 Ah! rivals, I see why it was that you drest,
 And made yourselves fine; for a place in her breast;
 You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
 To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, till my Phebe return,
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
 Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
 I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down
 [the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
 And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
 Ah! Colin, old time is yet full of delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying pow'r, that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
 To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove.
 But what swain is so silly to live without love?
 No deity bids the dear nymph to return,
 Though ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah! what shall I do! I shall die with despair!
 Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

Tune, *The broom of Cowden-knows.*

Subjected to the pow'r of love,
 By Nell's resistless charms,
 The fancy fix'd, no more can rove,
 Or fly love's soft alarms.

Gay Damon had the skill to shun
 All traps by Cupid laid,
 Until his freedom was undone,
 By Nell the conqu'ring maid.

But

But who can stand the force of love,
 When she resolves to kill?
 Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
 And wound us with our will.

O happy Damon! happy fair!
 What Cupid has begun,
 May faithful Hymen take a care
 To see it fairly done. G.

OF race divine thou needs must be,
 Since naething earthly equals thee;
 For Heaven's sake, Oh! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.
*An thou wert my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee;
 An thou wert my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee!*

The gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O! for their sake support a slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake,
 What man can do I'll undertake;
 So dearly do I love thee.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning-dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
 Sae wad I dwell upon thy mou,
 And gar the gods envy me.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in fast whispers, through the night,
 I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean ?
 She moves a goddess o'er the green ;
 Were I a king, thou should be queen,
 Nane but my fell aboon thee.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs should twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay ;
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O let na scorn undo me.

While love does at his altar stand,
 Hae there's my heart, gie me thy hand,
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will of him who loves thee.
As thou wert my ain thing, &c.

HOW blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own ?
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain,
That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we tray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolick and play :
 How pleasing their sport is ! The wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.
And borrow their looks, &c.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen,
 In revels all day, with the nymphs on the green;
 Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.
And meets me at night, &c.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
And gives to her mind, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to insnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam?
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.
To hold it for life, &c.

AT St Ofyth by the mill
 There lives a lovely lass;
 O, had I her good-will,
 How gayly life would pass!
 No bold intruding care
 My bliss should e'er annoy;
 Her smiles would kill despair,
 And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural scene,
 Her artless beauties charm;
 Like them with joys serene,
 Our wishing hearts they warm.
 Her wit with sweetness crown'd,
 Steals every sense away;
 The list'ning swains around
 Forget the short'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth, and ease,
 Withour her, tasteless are ;
 She gives them pow'r to please,
 And makes them worth our care.
 Is there, ye fates, a bliss
 Reserv'd, my future share ?
 Indulgent hear my wish,
 And grant it all in her.

Tune, Gently touch the warbling lyre.

CHarming is your shape and air,
 And your face as morning fair ;
 Coral lips, and neck of snow ;
 Cheeks where op'ning roses blow ;
 When you speak, or smile, or move,
 All is rapture, all is love.

But those eyes, alas ! I hate,
 Eyes that, heedless of my fate,
 Shine with undiscerning rays,
 On the sopling idly gaze,
 Watch the glances of the vain,
 Meeting mine with cold disdain.

BLow, blow, thou winter's wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude :
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :

Though

Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friends remember'd not.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
 Can madness and reason agree?
 O Molly, who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste,
 Let me seize old time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our care,
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy;
 Too soon we may meet with gray hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy.
 Then Molly, for what should we stay,
 Till our best blood begins to run cold?
 Our youth we can have but to day,
 We may always find time to grow old.

RUSSELL.

The ANSWER.

CAN lawless desire be call'd love?
 Can reason and folly agree?
 O Molly, if wise you would prove,
 Take care that you be not too free.
 Let profligate wretches pretend,
 They alone have a relish for joy;
 They affirm what they cannot defend,
 And themselves their own pleasures destroy.

Bright

Bright wisdom relieves all our cares,
 Mad passion produces distress,
 Conveying it down to gray hairs,
 Too late for the hope of redress.
 Then, Molly, be kind to the youth,
 Whose virtue deserves your respect;
 His ardour attended with truth,
 Will prevent any fears of neglect.

WHY heaves my fond bosom? ah what can it mean!
 Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?
 Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near?
 Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
 The thousand soft charms that embellish your face.
 Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
 With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind.

Untainted by folly, unsullied by pride,
 There naive good-humour and virtue reside.
 Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
 With compassion for him, who, without thee, must die.

Tune, I wish my love were in a mire.

BLess'd as th' immortal gods is he
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
 For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
 Ran quick through all my vital frame :
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

With dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play :
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

Tune, To daunt me.

A Las ! when charming Sylvia's gone,
 I sigh and think myself undone ;
 But when the lovely nymph is here,
 I'm pleas'd, yet grieve ; and hope, yet fear.
 Thoughtless of all but her I rove.
 Ah ! tell me, is not this call'd love ?

Ah me ! what pow'r can move me so ?
 I die with grief when she must go,
 But I revive at her return ;
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn :
 Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,
 Say, can they be to friendship due !

Ah no ! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel the pleasing pain ;
 For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize ?
 Gods, if the truest must be blest'd,
 O let her be by me possess'd.

THou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,

Dispel

Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

O ! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's top-most bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid ?
Up by the roots, enrag'd, I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh ! could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the ravens pinions rise !
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My blifs too long my bride denies ;
Apace the wasting summer flies :
Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
Not storms, or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare :
Oh ! love has fetters stronger far :
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast :
When thoughts torment, the first are best.
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay ;
Away to Orra, haste away.

Would you taste the noon-tide air ;
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes

Lightly

Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Saltry Phebus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep;
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone—yet, in her arms,
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till blest'd and blessing, you shall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.

STella, darling of the Muses,
Fairer than the blooming spring;
Sweetest theme the poet chuses,
When of thee he strives to sing.

Whilst my soul with wonder traces
All thy charms of face and mind,
All the beauties, all the graces
Of thy sex in thee I find.

Love, and joy, and admiration,
In my breast alternate rise:
Words no more can paint my passion,
Than the pencil can thine eyes.

Lavish nature, thee adorning,
O'er thy cheeks and lips hath spread
Colours that do shame the morning,
Shining with celestial red.

Pallas, Venus, now must never
Boast their charms triumphant fit;
Stella bright outvying either,
This in beauty, that in wit.

Could the gods, in blest'd condition,
Ought on earth with envy view,

Lovely Stella, their ambition
Would be to resemble you.

CHloe, be kind, no more perplex me,
Slight not my love at such a rate.
Should I your scorn return, 'twould vex ye.
Love much abus'd, will turn to hate.

How can you, lovely, charming creature,
Put on the look of cold disdain?
Women were first design'd by nature,
To give a pleasure, not a pain.

Kindness creates a flame that's lasting,
When other charms are fled away:
Think on the time we now are wasting;
Throw off those frowns, and love obey.

LEVERIDGE.

Tune, Sweet are the charms of her I love.

IT is not, Celia, in our pow'r
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we, within this hour,
May lose those joys we now do taste:
The blessed, who immortal be,
From change of love are only free.

Then, since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But, while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past.

Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die?

Fear not: though love and beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct:
Your kindness now shall then prevail,
And passion turn into respect.

Celia,

Celia, at worst, you'll in the end
But change a lover for a friend. G. ETHERICE.

Tune, *The last that wou'd know how to manage a man.*

I Love thee by heav'ns, I cannot say more ;
Then set not my passion a cooling :
If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er,
For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it shall make up in deeds,
Then why should we waste time in stuff, child ?
A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds.
A word to the wife is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known ;
But I hate all protesting and arguing :
Had a goddess my heart, she should e'en lie alone,
If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a Quaker in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying ;
Pr'ythee be thou so too, seek for no better term,
But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear love, like a chancery-suit,
The age of a patriarch depending ;
Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it one way or other an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
Like the grace of fanatical sinners ;
Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow cool,
Before men sit down to their dinners.

CONCANEN.

O Nce more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my Peggy.

Yet greater bards the lyre should hit;
 For pray what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun just rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangl'd thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn

As does my lovely Peggy.
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon my oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy.
 With her a cottage would delight,
 All pleases while she's in my sight;
 But when she's gone 'tis endless night,
 Ali's dark without my Peggy.

When Zephyrs on the vi'let blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 They do not half the sweets disclose,

As does my lovely Peggy.
 I stole a kiss the other day,
 And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
 The fragrant breath of blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
 And linnets warble through the grove,
 Or stately swans the waters love,

So long shall I love Peggy.
 And when Death, with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that wounds my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

Young

YOUNG Celia, in her tender years,
 Like th' rose-bud on its stalk,
 Fill'd with a virgin's modest fears,
 Stepp'd forth one eve to walk.
 She oft had heard of love's blind boy,
 And wish'd to find him out,
 Expecting then to meet the joy
 Of which she'd been in doubt.

A pleasant shady grove she spy'd,
 Where trembling aspens shook;
 Close to its flow'ry verge did glide
 A murm'ring limpid brook.
 Amyntor sighing there she found,
 She heard him talk of love;
 His crook lay by him on the ground,
 While thus he pray'd to Jove.

Grant, mighty pow'r! that I may find
 Some ease within this breast;
 Grant that my Celia may be kind,
 And make Amyntor blest.
 Grant her to know the force of love,
 And of her swain's desire;
 Grant that of me she may approve,
 And more I'll ne'er require.

W HAT care I for affairs of state?
 Or who is rich, or who is great?
 How far abroad th' ambitious roam,
 To bring or gold or silver home?
 What is't to me, if France and Spain
 Consent to peace, or war maintain?

I pay my taxes, peace or war,
 And wish all well at Gibraltar;
 But mind a cardinal no more
 Than any other scarlet whore.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, but this request,
And let who will the world contest.

Near some smooth stream, O let me keep
My liberty, and feed my sheep;
A shady walk, well lin'd with trees;
A garden, with a range of bees;
An orchard, which good apples bears,
Where spring a long green mantle wears,
Where winters never are severe;
Good barley-land to make good beer;
With entertainment for a friend;
To spend in peace my latter end,
In honest ease, and home-spun gray;
And let the evening crown the day.

Tune, Love's a gentle gen'rous passion.

A Way, let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought disturb the heav'nly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles, grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, will be good.

What though from Fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content, without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:

And

And all the great ones they shall wonder,
How they admire such little folk.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

Oh! how I'd love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they're fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
I'll go a-wooing in my boys.

TO Fanny fair could I impart
The cause of all my woe!
That beauty which has won my heart,
She scarcely seems to know.
Unskill'd in th' arts of womankind,
Without design the charms;
How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
Which every bosom warms?

She knows her pow'r is all deceit,
The conscious blushes shows,
Those blushes to the eye more sweet
Than the op'ning budding rose,
Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
That charms the sense so much,
Upon a thorny brier grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch.

At first when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was blest;
But as I would approach more near,
At once I lost my rest:

Th' in-

Th'enchanted sight, the sweet surprise,
 Prepare me for my doom;
 One cruel look from those bright eyes
 Will lay me in my tomb.

YE sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
 Where sweetly-winding Fortha glides,
 Conduct me to those banks again,
 Since there my charming Molly bides.
 These banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
 Where ev'ry smiling beauty meets;
 Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
 And cheer the hearts of ev'ry swain.

Thrice happy were those golden days,
 When I, amidst the rural throng,
 On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
 And Molly's charms were all my song.
 While she was present, all were gay,
 No sorrow did our mirth allay;
 We sung of pleasure, sung of love,
 And music breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happiest swain!
 No adverse fortune narr'd my joy;
 The shepherd sigh'd for her in vain,
 On me she smil'd, to them was coy.
 O'er Fortha's mazy banks we stray'd.
 I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid;
 The beauteous maid my love return'd,
 And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
 Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
 It was my happy chance to find
 The charming Molly lull'd asleep:
 My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
 I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss;
 She wak'd, she blush'd, she faintly blam'd,
 Why, *Damon*, are you not ashamed?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
 Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,
 Alternately we sung our loves,
 And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.
 The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
 Love was our banquet all the while;
 The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
 To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye sylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,
 To whom we swains our cares impart,
 Restore me to these blest'd abodes,
 And ease, Oh ease my love-sick heart!
 These happy days again restore,
 When Moll and I shall part no more;
 When she shall fill these longing arms,
 And crown my bliss with all her charms.

AS charming Clara walk'd along,
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 Like Jove, descending from his tow'r,
 To court her in a silver show'r.
 The wanton snow flew to her breasts,
 Like little birds into their nests;
 But, being o'ercome with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear;
 Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

Tune, Sweet are the charms, &c.

ON Belvidera's bosom lying,
 Withing, panting, sighing, dying,
 The cold regardless maid to move,
 With unavailing pray'rs I sue,
 You first have taught me how to love,
 Oh teach me to be happy too.

But

But she, alas ! unkindly wife,
 To all my sighs and tears replies,
 'Tis ev'ry prudent maid's concern,
 Her lover's fondness to improve,
 If to be happy you should learn,
 You quickly would forget to love.

From the GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Tune, *Happy Clown.*

HID from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleating flocks.
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants, and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisie,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfully'd with a crime;
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Tune, *Gilder Roy.*

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant-beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness nor pain
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

Your

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.

Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfections prest :
So love as unperceiv'd did fly
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part :
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
To make a beauty, she.

Tune, Kind Robin lo'es me.

Whilst I alone your soul possess'd,
And none more lov'd your bosom press'd,
Ye gods, what king like me was blest'd,
When kind Jeany lo'ed me !

Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
Nor Kate with me your heart did share,
What queen with Jeany could compare,
When kind Robin lo'ed me !

Katie now commands my heart,
Kate who sings with so much art,
Whose life to save with mine I'd part ;
For kind Katie lo'es me.

Patie now delights mine eyes,
He with equal ardour dies,
Whose life to save I'd perish twice ;
For kind Patie lo'es me.

What

What if I Kate for thee disdain,
 And former love return again,
 To link us in the strongest chain?
 For kind Robin lo'es thee.

Though Patie's kind as kind can be,
 And thou more stormy than the sea,
 I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
 If kind Robin lo'es me.

Tune, Willie was a wanton wag.

SHall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in May,
 Yet if she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's goodness move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or, her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own;
 Be she with that goodness blest,
 As may merit name the best;
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair.
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die e'er she shall grieve;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I will scorn, and let her go:
 So if she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

THE silent night her fables wore,
 And gloomy were the skies ;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.

When at her father's yate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 She, shrouded only with her smock,
 Arose, and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within my close embrace,
 She trembling stood aham'd ;
 Her swelling breast and glowing face,
 And ev'ry touch inflam'd.

My eager passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the fort to win ;
 And her fond heart was soon betray'd
 To yield, and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
 Transporting was the joy ;

I knew no greater blessing,
 So blest'd a man was I.

And she, all ravih'd with delight,
 Bid me oft come again ;
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
 She'd rise, and let me in.

But, ah ! at last she prov'd wi' bairn,
 And sighing fat and dull ;
 And I, that was as much concerned,
 Look'd e'en just like a fool.

Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin :
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part ?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart ;

C

But

But wedded, and conceal'd our crime.
 Thus all was well again.
 And now she thanks the happy time
 That e'er she loot me in.

SEnd home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
 Which, ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
 But if from thee they've learn'd such ill,
 To sweetly smile,
 And then beguile,
 Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain;
 But if it has been taught by thine,
 To forfeit both
 Its word and oath,
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
 That I may see and know thy lyes,
 And laugh one day, perhaps when thou
 Salt grieve for one
 Thy love will scorn,

And prove as false as thou art now. Dr DON.

WHat beauties does Flora disclose?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?
 Yet Mary's stilt sweeter than those;
 Where nature doth fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet-blissing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With music inchant ev'ry bush.

Come,

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss;
 Then, to ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Tune, Leith Wynd.

O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart;
 I pass the day in pain;
 When night returns I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, whilst thou art warm:
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze,
 Still wanders o'er thy charms;
 Delusive dreams, ten thousand ways,
 Present thee to my arms.
 Then waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline

Those pleasures, which can only cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine,
Thy petticoat would give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight,
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
By hind'ring the design.

May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine:
Or loose my chains, and set me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

Tune, Pinky-House.

AS Sylvia in a forest lay,
To vent her woe alone,
Her swain Sylvander came that way,
And heard her dying moan.
Ah! is my love (said she) to you
So worthless and so vain?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
Ere you'd exchange your love;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore?
But, ah! it seems they most deceive,
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind :

Alas ! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.

What cause, Sylvander, have I given
For cruelty so great ?

Yes ;— for your sake I slighted heaven,
And hugg'd you into hate.

For you delighted, I could die :

But, oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that cred'lous constant I
Should by yourself be kill'd.

But what avail my sad complaints,
While you my case neglect ?

My wailing inward sorrow vents,
Without the with'd effect.

This said,— all breathless, sick, and pale,

Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.

Sylvander then began to melt :

But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of death he felt,
And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

J. MITCHELL.

With broken words, and downcast eyes,
Poor Colin spoke his passion tender ;
And, parting with his Grisy, cries,
Ah ! woe's my hear that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder :
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go :
It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shall hinder ;
Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows, though we're oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauty which invites my wonder,
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, though we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,

Always to love me, though we sunder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,

That as I leave her, I may find her:

When that blest'd time shall come to pass,

We'll meet again, and never sunder.

Happy's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;

But words are wanting to discover

The torments of a hopeless lover.

Ye registers of heaven, relate

If looking o'er the rolls of fate,

Did you there see me mark'd to marrow

Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,

Her love the gods above must share;

While mortals with despair explore her,

And at a distance due adore her.

O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,

Revive and bless me with a smile:

Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a

Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush'd, ye fears, I'll not despair,

My Mary's tender as she's fair;

Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,

She is too good to let me languish:

With success crown'd, I'll not envy

The folks who dwell above the sky;

When Mary Scot's become my marrow,

We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board;
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest Captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips her kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the land-men say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
 They'll tell thee, sailors when away
 In ev'ry port a mistress find:
 Yes, yes; believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is Ivory so white:
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though

Though battles call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Though canons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay aboard:
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.
 Her leav'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
 Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

GAY.

I'LL range around the shady bow'rs,
 And gather all the sweetest flow'rs;
 I'll strip the garden and the grove,
 To make a garland for my love.

When, in the sultry heat of day,
 My thirsty nymph does panting lie,
 I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
 And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night, when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy bed I'll make my love,
 And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
 That nothing may her rest invade.

And, whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
 Myself shall never close these eyes;
 But gazing still with fond delight,
 I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as chearful day
 Has chas'd the gloomy shades away,
 Forth to the forest I'll repair,
 And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
 Still mixing labour with delight;

Regarding

Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
Should e'er unkind and faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
And never think of woman more.

H. CAREY.

OH! the charming month of May,
Charming, charming month of May,
When the breezes fan the trees, is
Full of blossoms fresh and gay.
When the breezes fan the trees, &c.

Oh! what joys our prospects yield,
Charming joys, &c.
When in new livery we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field.
When in new livery, &c.

Oh! how fresh the morning air,
When the Zephyrs and the heifers
Their odorif'rous breath compare.

Oh! how sweet at night to dream,
On mossy pillows, by the trillows
Of a gentle purling stream.

Oh! how kind the country-lads,
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking,
For a green gown on the grafs.

Oh! how sweet it is to spy,
At the conclusion, her confusion,
Blushing cheeks and down-cast eye.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
Charming, charming curds and cream,
When all is over, she gives her lover,
Who on the skimming dish carves her name.
When all is over, &c.

Tune,

Tune, *Auld Sir Simon the King.*

A Trifling song you shall hear,
 Begun with a trifle and ended;
 All trifling people, draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
 That lately have come into play,
 The men would want something to do,
 And the women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
 Because the ladies, they know,
 Admire, by often caressing,
 That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
 The trifle of trifles to gain,
 No sooner the virgin is rifled,
 But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal man would be able,
 At Whyte's half an hour to sit?
 Or who could bear a tea-table,
 Without taking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,
 Gold keys are no trifles, we see;
 White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
 Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place
 Where trifles abundantly breed,
 The levee will shew you his Grace
 Makes promises trifles indeed!

A coach with six footmen behind,
 I count neither trifle nor sin;
 But, ye gods, how oft do we find
 A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of champagne people think it
 A trifle, or something as bad ;
 But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
 You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
 A widow's a trifle in sorrow ;
 A peace is a trifle to-day,
 To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloke,
 Or to hide it the red may endeavour ;
 But if once the army is broke,
 We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,
 The reason pray carry along ;
 Because at ev'ry new play,
 The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
 And to set us all on a foot,
 The author of this is a trifle,
 And his song is a trifle to boot.

FARQUHAR.

Tune, My deary, if thou die.

IF Heaven, its blessings to augment,
 Call Henny to the skies,
 Hence from the earth flies all content,
 The moment that she dies :
 For in this earth there is no fair
 Can give such joy to me !
 How great must then be my despair,
 My Henny, if thou die ?

But now pale sickness leaves her face,
 And now my charmer smiles ;
 New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,
 And all my fear beguiles :

The

The bounteous pow'rs have heard the prayers
 I daily made for thee ;
 Like them be kind, and ease my cares,
 Else I myself must die.

— Tune, *Cotillon*.

Youth's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty ;
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay, while we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay ;
Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Our's is not to-morrow ;
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing, time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.

Chorus, Let us drink, &c.

J. GAY.

Tune, *Woe's my heart that we should sunder.*

IS Hamilla then my own ?
 O ! the dear, the charming treasure ;
 Fortune now in vain shall frown ;
 All my future life be pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
 Beauty warms her ev'ry feature ;
 Smiling heaven is in her face,
 All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,
 Rosy smiles, and kindling blushes ;

Love

Love sits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from th'Idalian grove,
Infant smiles, and sports, and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, free from noise,
This fair happy night surround us:
While a thousand spritely joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus, unfour'd with care or strife,
Heaven still guard this dearest blessing!
While we tread the path of life,
Loving still, and still possessing.

Tune, The broom of Cowden-knows.

TEach me, Chloe, how to prove
My boasted flame sincere:
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.
Sleep in vain displays her charms,
To bribe my soul to rest;
In vain she spreads her silken arms,
And courts me to her breast.

Where can Strephon find repose,
If Chloe is not there?
For, ah! no peace his bosom knows,
When absent from the fair.
What though Phebus from on high
With-holds his chearful ray?
Thine eyes can well his light supply,
And give me more than day.

D

Tune,

Tune, *Logan Water.*

TELL me, Hamilla, tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft embraces fly,
 And all his kind endearments shun?
 So flies the fawn, with fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its mother ev'ry where;
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
 And trembles when no danger's near.
 And yet I keep thee but in view,
 To gaze the glories of thy face;
 Not with a hateful step pursue,
 As age, to rifle ev'ry grace.
 Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all rivals to outshine;
 Now grown mature, and ripe for joy,
 Leave mamma's arms, and fly to mine.

W. HAMILTON.

Tune, *I lo'ed a bonny lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
 Will you never ease my pain?
 Must I die for ev'ry feature?
 Must I always love in vain?
 The desire of admiration
 Is the pleasure you pursue;
 Pray thee, try a lasting passion,
 Such a love as mine for you.
 Tears and sighing could not move you;
 For a lover ought to dare:
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy ways befitting?
 Will my dear be fickle still?
 Conquest is the joy of women,
 Let their slaves be what they will.

Your

Your neglect with torment fills me,
 And my desperate thoughts increase ;
 Pray consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a lover less.
 If your wand'ring heart is beating
 For new lovers, let it be :
 But when you have done coquetting,
 Name a day, and fix on me.

The R E P L Y.

IN vain, fond youth ; thy tears give o'er ;
 What more, alas ! can Flavia do ?
 Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore :
 All are not happy that are true.
 Suppress those sighs, and weep no more :
 Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain ; since any pow'r,
 To crown thy love, must alter mine.
 But if revenge can ease thy pain,
 I'll soothe the ills I cannot cure ;
 Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
 And all that I inflict endure.

STella and Flavia ev'ry hour
 Do various hearts surprise ;
 In Stella's soul lies all her power,
 And Flavia's in her eyes.
 More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd :
 All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.
 Stella, like Britain's monarch reigns
 O'er cultivated lands ;
 Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
 To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
 Thy beauty's only store :
 Thy charms will every day decrease ;
 Each day gives Stella more.

Tune, Broom of Cowden-knows.

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
 If I but ask the favour ;
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
 Or else had hopes to win her ;
 Would she could make of me a saint,
 Or I of her a sinner.

W. CONGREVE.

Tune, I wish my love were in a mire.

MY goddess Lydia, heavenly fair,
 As lilies sweet, as soft as air,
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O ! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
 Though sacred lightning from them flies ;
 Shew me that soft, that modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
 That I may rival Jove in bliss ;
 That I may mix my soul with thine,
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O ! hide thy bosom's killing white,
 (The milky way is not so bright),
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood ?

Thou

Thou art all over endless charms;
O! take me dying to thy arms.

ROCHESTER.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
'Tis madness sure in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live!

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Misella's cries,
Ask not me the reason why,
Seek the riddle in the skies.

A. PHILLIPS.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely:
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:

D 3

But

But let him bang his belly-full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 The Saturday and Monday:
 For then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church;
 And often am I blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named:
 I leave the church in sermon-time,
 And slink away with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O! then I shall have money;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 And give it to my honey:
 And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally;
 And, but for her, I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley:
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O! then I'll marry Sally;
 O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our own alley.

H. CAREY.
 Love,

Love, thou art the best of human joys,
 Our chiefeft happiness below ;
 All other pleasures are but toys,
 Music without thee is but noise,
 Beauty but an empty show.

Heav'n, that knew best what man could move,
 And raise his thoughts above the brute,
 Said, Let him be, and let him love ;
 That only must his soul improve,
 Howe'er philosophers dispute.

'TWas when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows,
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook,
 Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Oh ! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast ?
 The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear !
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.
 How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ?

Why

Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eye those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear :
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and dy'd.

J. GAY.

Tune, *The broom of Cowden-knaws.*

Blow on ye wind, descend soft rain,
To soothe my tender grief :
Your solemn music lulls my pain,
And yields me short relief.

Chorus. O my heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
Swell as 'twould burst in twain !
No tongue can e'er describe its smart ;
Nor I conceal its pain.

In some lone corner would I sit,
Retir'd from human kind ;
Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit,
Can ease my anxious mind.

O my heart, &c.

The sun which makes all nature gay,
Torments my weary eyes ;
And in dark shades I pass the day,
Where echo sleeping lies.

The sparkling stars which gayly shine,
And glitt'ring deck the night,

Are

Are all such cruel foes of mine,
I sicken at their sight.

The gods themselves their creatures love,
Who do their aid implore;
O learn of them, and bless the nymph
Who only you adore.

The strongest passion of the mind,
The greatest bliss we know,
Arises from successful love,
If not the greatest woe.

Cynthia frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet she's vex'd if I give over,
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her lover.
Thus in doubting she refuses,
And not winning thus she loses.

Prithee, Cynthia, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you:
Then, too late, desire will find you,
When the power must forsake you.
Think upon the sad condition,
To be past, yet wish fruition.

CONGREVE.

Tune, Strephon's complaint.

When Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart if this be love?
Tell me, my heart, &c.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can bear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If the some other swain commend,
 'Though I was once his fondest friend,
 That instant enemy I prove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring or shady grove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph in my pain ;
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

What though they call me country-lafs ?
 I read it plainly in my glass,
 That for a duchess I might pass :
 O could I see the day !

Would Fortune but attend my call,
 At park, at play, at ring, and ball,
 I'd brave the proudest of them all,
 With a stand-by, clear the way.

Surrounded by a croud of beaux,
 With smart toupees and powder'd cloaths,
 At rivals I'd turn up my nose ;
 O could I see the day !

I'll dart such glances from these eyes,
 Shall make some Duke or Lord my prize ;
 And then, O how I'll tyrannize,
 With a stand-by, clear the way !

O then for every new delight,
 For equipage and diamonds bright,
 Quadrille, and balls, and plays, all night,
 O could I see the day !

Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
 The tedious hours of life to kill,

In ev'ry thing I'd have my will,
With a stand-by, clear the way. H. CAREY.

Tune, *The bonny gray-ey'd morn*, &c.

'TIS woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts :
Her very eyes can cheat when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts,
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms ;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be feed'd into our arms. J. GAY.

Tune, *Cumbernauld-House*.

FROM anxious zeal and factious strife,
From all th' uneasy cares of life,
From beauty still to merit blind,
And still to fools and coxcombs kind ;
To where the woods, in brightest green,
Like rising theatres are seen,
Where gently murmur'ing runs the rill,
And draws fresh streams from ev'ry hill ;

Where Philomel, in mournful strains,
Like me of hopeless love complains,
Retir'd I pass the livelong day,
And idly trifle life away :
My lyre to tender accents strung,
I tell each slight, each scorn and wrong,
Then reason to my aid I call,
Review past scenes and scorn them all.

Superior thoughts my mind engage,
Allur'd by Newton's tempting page,
Through new-found worlds I wing my flight,
And trace the glorious source of light :
But should Clarinda there appear,
With all her charms of shape and air,

How

How frail my fixt resolves would prove,
Again I'd yield, again I'd love !

Tune, Pinky-House.

YE western climes where Peggy goes !
Ye blest retreats of love !

Your sweetness all to her disclose ;

Like Eden round her prove.

Ye Zephyrs, breathe your fanning gales

Where-e'er her steps do guide,

O'er verdant meads and fragrant gales,

Deck'd in rich flow'ry pride.

Ye gay poetic tribes, that sing

Among the blooming sprays !

Make ev'ry grove with music ring,

And charm her with your lays.

Her morning and her ev'ning hours,

Ye nightingales, still glad !

Regale her in your shady bow'rs,

With mirth and serenade.

Let babbling echo-nymphs, that dwell

The hollow caves among,

Their notes and measures answ'ring tell,

And lengthen out the song

Ye watchful pow'rs ! (I pass your names),

When she to slumber goes,

Becalm her soul with pleasing dreams,

And sweeten her repose.

When Phebus climbs a clearer sky,

And blazes o'er the pole,

Drinking the crystal currents dry,

Among the meads that roll ;

Ye sylvan nymphs, if she repair

Unto the cooling streams,

In shining bands attend the fair,

And shade her from his beams.

Her

Her golden locks with diamonds tye,
 Her waste with care unlace;
 And loudly cry if danger's nigh,
 Whilst she's in her undress.
 Defend my dearer self from death,
 When on the deep she lies:
 If ought should sink her down beneath,
 With her her lover dies.

O may the fun ride posting down!
 And time no measure know,
 Till she return, our bliss to crown,
 And make our joys o'erflow.
 May happiness and ev'ry bliss
 That lovely she attend:
 I crave nae mair; in Peggy fair
 My song and wishes end.

A. B.

Tune, *The Mill, Mill—O.*

'T WAS Pope first in vogue
 Brought the blythe Molly Mogg,
 And flourish'd her praise with his quill—O;
 But I strange, that as yet our Twickenham wit
 Ne'er thought on a neighbouring mill—O.
 That the sea's foaming juice did Venus produce,
 Let poets insist on it still—O;
 Yet I stoutly aver, that a fairer than her
 Took her rise from the froth of the mill—O.
 Then say, O ye nine! how a nymph so divine
 Could the lap of a miller's wife fill—O?
 Say, did not some god stray out of the road,
 And set up his staff in the mill—O.
 Jove, roguish and loose, in the shape of a goose,
 Did Leda so lovingly bill—O,
 That Helen she hatch'd, who ne'er yet was match'd,
 But by this fair maid of the mill—O.

E

In

In another disguise, Alcmena he plies,
 Like Amphitryon, he frolick'd his fill—O :
 Then why might not Jove, as a cloke for his love,
 Take upon him the man of the mill—O ?
 To tell ev'ry grace of this fresh-water lass,
 I own far surpasses my skill—O ;
 Even Pope could not do't, and from head to foot
 Describe the fair maid of the mill—O.

If Homer inflam'd, had an hundred tongues claim'd,
 Such an arduous task to fulfil—O ;
 Yet I tell the old bard, the case were too hard,
 Though he had all the clacks in the mill—O.
 Ye beaus all beware, she's bewitchingly fair,
 Her eyes most assuredly kill—O ;
 And a bosom more sleek than the downy swan's neck,
 Has this dearest sweet maid of the mill—O.

Under petticoat red, though her feet be well hid,
 Yet peep they alternately will—O ;
 Which plainly doth shew, that more charms lie perdue,
 In this dearest sweet maid of the mill—O.
 Then fy, muse, beware, it were better by far,
 Such charms as these to conceal—O,
 Lest thereby you might new rivals incite,
 And bring more sacks to the mill—O.

With influence benign, ah ! would she incline
 With her stars to favour my will—O !
 That I might be with her, 'twere rapture, I swear,
 And music to live in the mill—O.
 Then, fair maid, be kind, nor with water and wind,
 Unconstant turn round like the wheel—O ;
 Lest, when I am dead, it may truly be said,
 That your heart was the stone of the mill—O.

Kitty,

Kitty, tender, gay, and blooming,
 Lover! wouldst thou hope to gain?

Warmly court, grow more presuming,

Maids despise the bashful swain.

When she's coldest, press her boldest;

Fondly seize her, clasp her, squeeze her,

Kiss her lips, her neck, her breasts,

And you'll soon, you'll soon be blest, &c.

But if after ev'ry trial,

Every proof of tender art,

She, with coldness and denial,

Still proves coy, and mocks your smart,

Cease dull whining, moping, pining,

Vex her, grieve her, slight her, leave her,

Stamp, frown, swear, and bid adieu,

Cease to court,—and she'll court you, &c.

Tune, To all you ladies now at land, &c.

MY dearest maid, since you desire

To know what I would wish,

What store of wealth I would require

To gain true happiness;

This faithful inventory take,

Of all that life can easy make. *Fa, la, la, &c.*

Here happy only are the few,

Who wish to live at home,

Who never do extend their view

Beyond their small income;

An income which should ever be

The fruit of honest industry.

A soul serene, and free from fears,

With no contentions vex'd,

Nor yet with vain and anxious cares

To be at all perplex'd;

A body that's with health endu'd,

An open temper, yet not rude.

A heart that's always circumspect,
 Unknowing to deceive;
 Yet ever wisely does reflect,
 Not easy to believe.

And for my dress, let it be plain,
 Yet always neat, without a stain.

A cleanly hearth, and chearful fire
 To drive away the cold :
 A moderate glass one would require,
 When merry tales are told ;
 The comp'ny of an easy friend,
 My like in fortune, and in mind.

To give true relish to delight,
 A chaste and chearful wife,
 With sweetest humour to unite
 † Our hearts as long as life :
 Sound sleep, whose kind delusive turn
 Shall join the ev'ning to the morn.

So would we live agreeably,
 And always be content ;
 To providence ay thankful be
 For all those blessings sent.
 Ye powers above, but grant me this,
 No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.

J. W.

Tune, *Ettrick banks.*

When first those blooming charms I spy'd
 That smiling play on Annie's face,
 Her air without affected pride,
 Her shape, her mein, and ev'ry grace ;
 My heart, and ev'ry pulse beat fast,
 In hurry all my spirits mov'd ;
 I felt new motions in my breast :
 The more I gaz'd, the more I lov'd.

But

But when her mirth, and lively sense,
 With pleasure I attentive heard,
 Her wit and chearful innocence
 In ev'ry thought and word appear'd.
 Those lovely beauties of her mind
 A noble lasting joy impart,
 Excite a passion more refin'd,
 And doubly captivate the heart.

When Annie's presence I enjoy,
 A pleasant warmth within me glows;
 No care then dares my bliss annoy,
 My soul with love and joy e'erflows.
 Thus, when the glorious god of day
 Dispels the gloomy shades of night,
 Nature reviving, all looks gay,
 And welcomes the returning light.

Oh! would my charmer make me blest,
 And yield to ease her lover's pain,
 My fears all gone, my mind at rest,
 Then peace and joy should ever reign.
 Each happy hour, with fresh delight,
 Would pass away in mutual love;
 In peace we'd spend the day and night,
 And emulate the blest'd above.

Tune, *The spinning-wheel.*

'TWas on a sunshine summer's day,
 When all the fields were fresh and gay,
 The morning blush'd when Phebus rose,
 Just when approaching from the seas,
 As Damon did a-hunting ride,
 A lonely cottage he espy'd,
 Where charming Chloe spinning sat,
And turning ay her wheel about.

Her face ten thousand beauties crown,
 Her curling hair was lovely brown ;
 Her sparkling eyes all hearts could win,
 And soft, as down, her swan-like skin.
 So taking her plain dress appears,
 Her age not passing fifteen years,
 Damon fell sighing at her foot ;
But still she turn'd her wheel about.

Thou fairest of thy tender kind,
 Sure this can never fill thy mind ;
 Such charms attending noble love
 Were ne'er design'd for wood nor grove.
 O ! come to camp with me, my fair,
 And share my love and glory there ;
 And leave this sordid rural rout,
And turn no more your wheel about.

At length, with a few modest sighs,
 She turn'd to him her lovely eyes ;
 O ! tempt me not, kind Sir, she cries,
 Nor seek my virtue to surprise.
 You men are not to be believ'd ;
 I've heard how virgins are deceiv'd :
 O let me thus my life spin out,
And turn my harmless wheel about.

By that dear panting breast, he cries,
 And by those lovely killing eyes,
 And by that love that conquer'd me,
 I swear, this must not, shall not be.
 O ! cause not my eternal woe,
 Nor kill the man that loves thee so ;
 But go with me, and ease my doubt,
And turn no more your wheel about.

His flatt'ring tongue so play'd its part,
 He gain'd admission to her heart ;
 And now she thinks it is no sin,
 To let love's fatal poison in.

But

But she too late her fault found out,
 And he too soon her charms forgot,
 And left her ere the year was out,
In tears to turn her wheel about.

'TWas past twelve o'clock, in a fine summer morning,
 When all the village slept pleasantly,
 Cynthia's bright beams all nature adorning,
 Shall guide my swift steps to my lovely she.
 And then my fair Flora, freight with kind wishes,
 I'll fold in my arms with amorous kisses,
 Which serve as preludes to more solid blisses,
 Soon as the vicar has made us one.

CIBBER.

HOW hard is the fate of all women-kind,
 For ever subjected, for ever confin'd.
 Our parents controul us until we are wives,
 Our husbands inflave us the rest of our lives.
 Tho' fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal;
 In secret we languish, compell'd to conceal.
 Deny'd ev'ry freedom of life to enjoy,
 We're scorn'd if we're kind, and we're blam'd if we're coy.

THE lass that would know how to manage a man,
 Let her listen and learn it from me,
The lass that would know, &c.
 His courage to quell, or his heart to trapan,
 As the time or occasions agree, *agree,*
As the time or occasions agree.

The girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit,
 May wheedle the clown or the beau,
 The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
 By the use of that pretty word *No,*
By, &c.

When

When the powder'd toupees in crouds round her chat,
 Each striving his passion to show,
 With—Kiss me, and love me, my dear,—and all that,
 Let her answer be still, *No, no, no.*

When a doze is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,
 A present, a treat, or a ball,
 She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
 And *No* be her answer to all.

But when Mr Dapperwit offers his hand,
 Her partner in wedlock to go,
 A house, and a coach, and a jointure in land,
 She's an idiot, if then she says *No.*

Whene'er she's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
 Whose courtship proclaims him a man,
 When press'd to his bosom, and clasp'd in his arms,
 Then let her say *No* if she can,
Then, &c.

CONCANNEN.

O Say! what is that thing call'd *light*,
 Which I can ne'er enjoy?
 What is the blessing of the sight?
 O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you see;
 You say the sun shines bright,
 I feel him warm; but how can he
 Ere make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play;
 And could I always keep awake,
 It would be always day.

With heavy sighs, I often hear
 You mourn my hopeless woe;
 But sure, with patience I may bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then

Then let not what I cannot have
 My chear of mind destroy.
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Altho' a poor blind boy.

C. CIBBER.

Tune, *The birks of Abergeldie.*

I Thought it once a lonesome life,
 A lonesome life, a lonesome life,
 I thought it once a lonesome life,
 To lie so lang my lane, jo.
 But who would not my case regret,
 Since I am curst with a mate?
 What once I long'd for, now I hate;
 I'm quite another man, jo.

When I was full out nineteen years,
 Out nineteen years, out nineteen years,
 When I was full out nineteen years,
 I held my head fu' high, jo;
 Then I resolv'd to take a lass,
 Ne'er thought on what would come to pass,
 Nor look'd in matrimony's glass,
 Till headlong down I came, jo.

Before the fatal marriage-day,
 So keen was I, so keen was I,
 I rested neither night nor day,
 But wander'd up and down, jo.
 To please her I took meikle care,
 Ane would hae thought I fought nae mair
 In the wide warld to my share,
 But her wrapt in her gown, jo.

My own small stock did scarce defray,
 Did scarce defray, did scarce defray,
 My own small stock did scarce defray
 Half of the marriage-charge, jo.

For

For things belonging to a house,
 I gave till I left ne'er a souce.
 O but I'm turned wond'rous douse,
 And filler's nae fae large, jo.

Her father, and her friends likewise,
 Her friends likewise, her friends likewise,
 Did hold her out for such a prize,
 I thought nae labour lost, jo.
 I dress'd myself from neck to heel,
 And all was for a gilded pill;
 Now I would wish the meikle deil
 Had her, and pay the coast, jo.

Her father sent a ship to sea,
 A ship to sea, a ship to sea,
 When it returns, quoth he to me,
 I'll pay you ilka plack, jo.
 The servants grumble, good-wife raves,
 When hungry stomach fore them craves,
 Now I am told by the old knave,
 The ship will ne'er come back, jo.

Alack-a day, what will I do,
 What will I do, what will I do,
 Alack-a-day, what will I do?
 The honey-month is done, jo.
 My glitt'ring gold is all turn'd dross,
 And filler scarcely will be brass.
 I've nothing but a bonny lass,
 And she's quite out of tune, jo.

Yet she lays all the blame on me,
 The blame on me, the blame on me,
 Says I brought her to misery.
 This is a weary life, jo.
 I'd run to the wide world's end,
 If I could leave but her behind.
 I'm out of hopes she'll ever mend;
 She's prov'd a very wise, jo.

Now,

Now, bachelors, be wise in time,
 Be wise in time, be wise in time,
 Tho' she's call'd modest, fair, and fine,
 And rich in gold and plate, jo;
 Yet ye'll have cause to curse hard fate,
 If once she catch you in her net;
 Your blazing star will soon be set;
 Then look before you leap, jo.

Sweet Nelly, my heart's delight,
 Be loving, and do not slight
 The profer I make, for modesty's sake;
 I honour your beauty bright.
 For, love, I profess, I can do no less,
 Thou hast my favour won.
 And since I see your modesty,
 I pray agree and fancy me,
 Though I'm but a farmer's son.

No; I'm a lady gay;
*'Tis very well known, I may
 Have men of renown, in country or town:
 So, Roger, without delay,
 Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
 Their loves will soon be won.
 But don't you dare to speak me fair,
 As tho' I were at my last pray'r,
 To marry a farmer's son.*

My father has riches in store,
 Two hundred a year and more,
 Besides sheep and cows, carts, harrows, and ploughs;
 His age is above threescore:
 And when he does die, then merrily I
 Shall have what he has won.
 Both land and kine, all shall be thine,
 If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
 And marry a farmer's son.

*A fig for your cattle and corn ;
 Your profer'd love I scorn.
 'Tis known very well, my name it is Nell,
 And you're but a bumpkin born.*

Well, since it is so, away I will go,
 And I hope no harm is done.
 Farewel, adieu. I hope to woo
 As good as you, and win her too,
 Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

*Be not in such haste, quoth she,
 Perhaps we may still agree ;
 For, man, I protest, I was but in jest ;
 Come, prithee, sit down by me ;
 For thou art the man, that verily can
 Perform what must be done ;
 Both strait and tall, genteel withal,
 Therefore I shall be at your call,
 To marry a farmer's son.*

Dear lady, believe me now ;
 I solemnly swear and vow,
 No lords in their lives take pleasure in wives,
 Like fellows that drive the plow ;
 For whate'er they gain, with labour and pain,
 They don't to harlots run,
 As courtiers do. I never knew,
 A London bean, that could outdo
 A country farmer's son.

Tune, Colin's complaint.

THO' cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me because I am true ;
 Yet, Phillis, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
 To me what a heav'n it would be!
 To him but a woman you seem,
 But, ah! your an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow;
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go.
 That arm, like a lily so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay,
 My bosom could warm it all night,
 My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
 The graces my subjects to be,
 I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
 To dwell in a cottage with thee.
 But if I must feel thy disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelty drown,
 O! let me not live in this pain,
 But give me my death in a frown.

H. CAREY.

Tune, Up and war 'em a', Willy.

When we went to the field of war,
 And to the weaponshaw, Willy,
 With true design to stand our ground,
 And chase our faes awa', Willy,
 Lairds and lords came there bedeen,
 And vow gin they were pra', Willy.
Up and war 'em a', Willy;
War 'em a', war 'em a', Willy.

And when our army was drawn up,
 The bravest e'er I saw, Willy,
 We did not doubt to rax the rout,
 And win the day and a', Willy.

F

Pipers

Pipers play'd frae right to left,
 Fy, fourugh Whigs awa', Willy.

Up and war, &c.

But when our standard was set up,
 So fierce the wind did bla', Willy,
 The golden knop down from the top
 Unto the ground did fa' Willy.
 Then second-lighted Sandy said,
 We'll do nae good at a', Willy.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
 Our front, and flank, and a', Willy;
 Our bald commander on the green
 Our faes's left did ca', Willy,
 And there the greatest slaughter made
 That e'er poor Tonal'd saw, Willy.

First when they saw our highland mob,
 The swore they'd slay us a', Willy;
 And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
 And so did rin awa', Willy.
 We drave him back to Bonny Brigg,
 Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willy.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
 And them in order saw, Willy,
 He straight did march into the town,
 And back his left did draw, Willy.
 Thus we taught them the better gate,
 To get a better fa', Willy.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
 And bravely up did draw, Willy.
 But gin ye speir wha wan the day,
 I'll tell you what I saw, Willy,
 We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
 And baith did rin awa', Willy.
 So there's my canty highland sang
 About the thing I saw, Willy.

B. G.
 Tune,

Tune, *Buffy Bell.*

THE fair who can my fancy warm,
 A soul informs her bosom,
 Whose quick'ning pow'rs preserves the form
 In youth's immortal blossom.
 Such worth can fix our heart and eye,
 Each raptur'd breast inspiring;
 With lasting, firm, substantial joy,
 We live and die admiring.

When absent from my charmer's sight,
 Inferior nymphs caressing,
 They yield a transient faint delight,
 Which palls in the possessing.
 But in the heav'n of Mira's arms
 My ravish'd fancy traces
 Exhaustless pleasures, endless charms,
 And never-fading graces.

Tune, *Sweet are the charms of her I love.*

WOU'd Heav'n indulge my fond desire,
 And give some rural calm retreat,
 Where peace attunes the sylvan lyre,
 And vernal woods the sound repeat;
 Where I my artless reed might join,
 And mix in harmony divine;

And give my Delia to my arms,
 Delia, whom more than life I love;
 In whom, with all their varying charms,
 A Pallas and a Venus move;
 The skilful music of her tongue,
 Responding, would refine the song.

I'd scorn the glitt'ring pomp of courts,
 The park, the ring, the ball, the play;

Nor mind the tales that fame reports,
 But thus employ the smiling day;
 While, knit with time in wanton dance,
 Still laughing joys on joys advance.

When first the sun salutes the skies,
 And tips the eastern hills with gold,
 From my dear Delia's arms I'd rise,
 And loose the flocks from out the fold;
 Too blest'd—this task when Paris knew,
 Had he possess'd his Helen too.

Through verdant plains, and waving woods,
 I'd wander with my fleecy care,
 And on the banks of list'ning floods,
 Repeat the praises of my fair;
 Such praise as love and truth bestow,
 Where love and truth united glow.

Then, as I nam'd the perfect maid,
 The winding stream should catch the sound,
 Delia convey to every shade,
 Through which its wat'ry path it found;
 The sporting Naiads chant the lay,
 And deep beneath the sounds convey.

The Zephyrs ravish'd with her name,
 Should waft it through the nodding grove,
 And Echo, pleas'd to do the same,
 Still farther with the accents rove;
 Till streams, and woods, and earth and air,
 Should learn my theme, my pleasure share.

When she should rise from soft repose,
 And come to bless my ravish'd sight,
 The day those sweets that friendship knows,
 And love's delights should crown the night.
 Thus angel-joys should bloom below,
 And bliss in endless circles flow.

HOW sweetly smells the summer green !

Sweet taste the peach and cherry ;
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry.
But finest colours, fruits, and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Loss a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in consort chanting ?
But if my Christy tunes her voice,
I'm wrapt in admiration ;
My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
And drap the hail creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman :
But, dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother,
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn ;
His Christy did o'erhear him :
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But ere he wist drew near him.
She spake her favour with a look,
Which left no room to doubt her.
He wisely this white minute took,
And sang his arms about her.

My Christy !—witness, bonny stream,
Sic joys frae tears arising :
I wish this may na be a dream ;
O love the maist surprising !

Time was too precious now for taulk :
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gi'e her a kifs and let her gae :
 But if you meet a dirty hussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
 Be sure you dinna quat the grip
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time ;
 Then lads and lasses while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kep ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.
 Her laugh will lead you to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to her face,
 Nineteen na-fays are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kifs.
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future blifs.

These

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods indulgent grant;
 Then, furly carles, whiisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining cant.

The C O R D I A L.

Tune, Where shall our goodman lie?

He. **W**Here wad bonny Anne lie?
 Alane na mair ye maun lie.
 Wad ye a goodman try?
 Is that the thing ye're laking?

She. Can a lafs fae young as I,
 Venture on the bridal tie,
 Syne down with a goodman lie?
 I'm flee'd he keep me waking.

He. Never judge until ye try,
 Mak me your goodman, I
 Shanna hinder you to lie
 And sleep till ye be weary.

She. What If I should waking lie,
 When the hoboy's are gawn by,
 Will ye tent me when I cry,
 My dear, I'm faint and iry?

He. In my bosom thou shalt lie:
 When thou wakerife art or dry,
 Healthy cordial, standing by,
 Shall presently revive thee.

She. To your will I then comply;
 Join us, priest, and let me try
 How I'll wi' a goodman lie,
 Wha can a cordial give me.

GI'E me a lass with a lump of land,
 And we for life shall gang the giuher;
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane is no worth a shilling;
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure.
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on who likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle.
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
 They'll never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
 But beauty and wit, and vertue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection.
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles and rigs, and muirs and meadows;
 And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

THE shepherd Adonis being weary'd with sport,
 He for a retirement to the woods did resort.
 He threw by his club, and he laid himself down;
 He env'y'd no monarch, nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn, and he ate frae the tree;
 Himself he enjoy'd, and frae trouble was free.
 He wish'd for no nymph, tho' never sae fair;
 Had nae love or ambition, and therefore nae care.

But as he lay thus, in an ev'ning sae clear,
 A heav'nly sweet voice sounded fast in his ear,

Which

Which came frae a shady green neighbouring grove,
Where bonny Amynta sat singing of love.

He wander'd that way, and found wha was there,
He was quite confounded to see her sae fair.
He stood like a statue, not a foot could he move,
Nor knew he what ail'd him; but he fear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him with a kind modest grace,
Seeing something that pleas'd her appear in his face.
With blushing a little, she to him did say,
O thepherd! what want ye? how came you this way?

His spirits reviving, he to her reply'd,
I was ne'er sae surpris'd at the sight of a maid.
Until I beheld thee, from love I was free;
But now I'm ta'en captive, my fairest, by thee.

When absent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain shake off the chains I wear;
But, whilst I strive these to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
My captiv'd fancy, day and night,
Fairer and fairer represents
Belinda, form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cause of my complaints!

All day I wander through the groves,
And, sighing, hear from ev'ry tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,
To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thousand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me waking all the night.

Sleep flies, while, like the goddess fair,
And all the graces in her train,

With

With melting smiles and killing air,
 Appears the cause of all my pain.
 A while my mind, delighted, flies
 O'er all her sweets, with thrilling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus, while my thought are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire ;
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
 When to myself I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheek looks wan :
 Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a man.

Tune, Maggy Lauder.

He. **C**ONfess thy love, fair blushing maid ;
 For, since thine eyes consenting,
 Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And na-says nae worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
 With words thy wish denying ?
 Since nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.
 Nature and reason's joint consent
 Makes love a sacred blessing ;
 Then happily that time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind caressing.
 Come then, my Katie, to my arms,
 I'll be nae mair a rover ;
 But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
 And prove a faithful lover.

She. What you design by nature's law
 Is fleeting inclination ;

That

That Will-o-wisp bewilds us a'
 By its infatuation.
 When that goes out, caresses tire,
 And love's nae mair in season;
 Sync weakly we blaw up the fire,
 With all our boasted reason.

He. The beauties of inferior cast
 May start this just reflection;
 But charms like thine maun always last,
 Where wit has the protection.
 Virtue and wit like April rays,
 Make beauty rise the sweeter.
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My love will grow completer.

Tune, The happy clown.

'T WAS in the charming month of May,
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One morning by the break of day,
 Sweet Chloe, chaste and fair,
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
 To breathe the purer air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her mien,
 Her handsome shape, and dress so clean,
 She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
 Dress'd in her best array.

The gentle winds and purling stream,
 Essay'd to whisper Chloe's name.
 The savage beasts, till then ne'er tame,
 Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people, one might see,
 Perch'd all around her on each tree,
 With notes of sweetest melody,
 They act a chearful part.

The †

The dull slaves, at the toilsome plow,
 Their weary'd necks and knees do bow,
 A glad subjection there they vow
 To pay with all their heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
 Soon as the charming nymph they spy,
 They leave their hoarse and rueful cry,
 And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows smile,
 And Forth, that foam'd and roar'd ere while,
 Glides calmly down, as smooth as oil,
 Through all its charming crooks.

The finny squadrons are content
 To leave their wat'ry element,
 In glazy numbers down they bent,
 They flutter all along.

The insects, and each creeping thing,
 Join'd to make up the rural ring.
 All frisk and dance, if she but sing,
 And make a jovial throng.

Kind Phebus now began to rise,
 And paint with red the eastern skies;
 Struck with the glory of her eyes,
 He shrinks behind a cloud.
 Her mantle on a bough she lays,
 And all her glory she displays;
 She left all nature in amaze,
 And skipt into the wood.

'T Was at the fearful midnight-hour,
 When all were fast asleep,
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale, like April morn,
 Clad in a wint'ry cloud;

And

And clay cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown,
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the cankerworm,
Consum'd her early prime ;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek :
She dy'd before her time.

Awake ! (she cry'd), thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave.
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath ;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?

How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?

Why said you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet left these eyes to weep ?

How could you swear, my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young witless maid,
 Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
 These lips no longer red;
 Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
 This winding-sheet I wear;
 And cold and dreary lasts our night,
 Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence—
 A long and last adieu!
 Come see, false man! how low she lies
 That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning finil'd,
 And rais'd her glist'ring head;
 Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb,
 Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where Marg'ret's body lay,
 And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
 And thrice he wept full fore;
 Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
 And word spake never more.

To the tune of the former.

'TWas at the shining mid-day hour,
 When all began to gaunt,
 That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breast,
 And the poor lad grew faint.

His

His face was like a bacon-ham
 That lang in reek had hung;
 And horn-hard was his tawny hand,
 That held his hazel rung.

So wad the fastest face appear,
 Of the maist dressy spark;
 And such the hands that lords wad hae,
 Were they kept close at wark.

His head was like the heath'ry bush,
 Beneath his bonnet blew;
 On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
 His bairdy bristles grew.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
 Gade through his rumbling kyte;
 And nothing now but solid gear
 Could give his heart delyte.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,
 To his lov'd Madge he ran,
 Sunk down into the chimney-nook,
 With visage sour and wan.

Get up, (he cries), my creeshy love,
 Support my sinking saul
 With something that is fit to chew,
 Be't either het or caul.

This is the how and hungry hour,
 When the best cures for grief
 Are cogues fou of the lythy kail,
 And a good junt of beef.

Oh Watty, Watty! (Madge replies),
 I but owr justly trow'd
 Your love was thowless, and that ye
 For cake and pudding woo'd.

Bethink thee, Watty, of that night,
 When all were fast asleep,

How ye kiſs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave theſe cheeks to dreep.

How could ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort of your ſight?

How could ye rooſe my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples flight!

Why did you promiſe me a ſnood,
To bind my locks ſae brown?

Why did you me fine garters hight,
Yet let my hoſe fa' down?

O faithleſs Watty! think how aſt
I ment your ſarks and hoſe;

For you how mony bannocks ſtoun,
How many cogues of broſe.

But, hark! the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot,

Come ſee, ye haſh, how fair I ſweat,
To ſtegh your guts, ye ſot.

The grace was ſaid, the maſter ſerv'd,
Fat Madge return'd again,

Blythe Watty raiſe and rax'd himſel,
And ſidg'd, he was ſae fain.

He hy'd him to the ſavoury bench,
Where a warm haggies ſtood,

And gart his gooly, through the bag,
Let out its fat heart's blood.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear Madge,
Of this delicious fare;

Syne claw'd it aff moſt cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

Tune,

Tune, Sweet are the charms of her I love.

When gay Philander fell a prize
To Amoretta's conqu'ring eyes,
He took his pipe, he fought the plain,
Regardless of his growing pain,
And resolutely bent to wrest
The bearded arrow from his breast.

Come, gentle gales, the shepherd cry'd,
Be Cupid and his bow defy'd:
But as the gales obsequious flew,
With flow'ry scents and spicy dew,
He did unknowingly repeat,
The breath of Amoret is sweet.

His pipe again the shepherd try'd,
And warbling nightingales reply'd.
Their sounds in rival measures move,
And meeting echoes charm the grove.
His thoughts, that rov'd, again repeat,
The voice of Amoret is sweet.

Since ev'ry fair and lovely view
The thoughts of Amoret renew,
From flow'ry lawn and shady green
To prospect gloomy change the scene:
Sad change for him! for, sighing, there
He thought of lovers in despair.

Convinc'd, the sad Philander cries,
Now, cruel god, assert thy prize,
For love its fatal empire gains;
Yet grant, in pity to my pains,
These lines the nymph may oft repeat,
And own Philander's lays are sweet.

J. MOORE.

Tune, Come let us prepare.

LET matters of state disquiet the great,
The cobbler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his wife to ruffle his life,
And her he can strap, if she vex him.

He's out of the pow'r of Fortune, that whore,
Since low, as can be, she has thrust him.
From duns he's secure; for, being so poor,
There's none to be found that will trust him.

C. COFFE.

Tune, Over the hills and far away.

WERE I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass;
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half-year's nights would pass.

Were I fold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

And I would love you all the day;
Every night would kiss and play,
If with me you'd fondly stray
Over the hills and far away.

J. GAY.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry-ten'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn.
To the hills and the woodlands they steer,
To unharbour the outlying deer.

Chorus

Chorus of huntsmen.

All the day long, this, this is our song,
 Still hallooing, and following, so frolic and free.
 Our joys know no bounds, while we're after the hounds;
 No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

Round the woods when we bear, how we glow!
 While the hills they all echo—Halloo!
 With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
 Then our shouts they resound to the skies.
All the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb
 Up the heath-breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labour we feel!
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
All the day long, &c.

THE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning the meadows and fields;
 The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come
 (away;
 Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new day.
The merry, merry, &c.

The stag, rous'd, before us away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry;
 Then follow, follow, follow the musical chace,
 Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.
Then follow, follow, &c.

The day's sport, when over, makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night.
 Then let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
 Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the day.
Then let us, &c.

Tune,

Tune, Young Celia in her tender years.

OF all the torment, all the care,
By which our lives are curst,
Of all the sorrows that we bear,
A rival is the worst.

By partners in another kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions in our woe.

Silvia, for all the griefs you see
Arising in my breast,

I beg not that you'd pity me,
Would you but slight the rest.

Howe'er severe your rigours are,
Alone with them I'd cope;

I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

Would fate to me Belinda give,
With her alone I'd chuse to live;

Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater bliss desire.

My charming nymph, if you can find,
Amongst the race of human-kind,
A man that loves you more than I,
I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
I'll resign you, tho' I die.

Let my Belinda fill my arms,
With all her beauty, all her charms,
With scorn and pity I'd look down
On the glories, on the glories,
On the glories of a crown.

Dear

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain.
 Your maxim, That love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
 By kindness you ought to improve.
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sun-shine of love.
 And though the bright beams of your eyes
 Were clouded, but now are so gay,
 And darkness obscure all the skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You have often regarded with wonder.
 He's dropfical, she is dim-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder.
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door;
 And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
 Their several failings to cover.
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other;
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that youth did bestow,
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
 Nor sickness nor time can remove:
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,

A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these;
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

Daphnis stood pensive in the shade,
 With arms across, and head reclin'd;
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind.
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay;
 Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
 My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains.
 I faintly hear, in your soft notes
 My Chloe's voice, that wakes my pains.
 But why should you your songs forbear?
 Your mates delight your songs to hear,
 But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood
 Dejected, as the lonely dove,
 Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.
 I feel a sound my heartstrings move.
 'Twas not the nightingale that sung,
 No; 'tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue.
 Hark! hark! what says my love?

How simple is the nymph, she cries,
 Who trifles with her lover's pain!
 Nature still speaks in womens eyes,
 Our artful lips are made to feign.
 Oh Daphnis! Daphnis! 'twas my pride;
 'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd.
 Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
 My blood with trickling motion flew,

Sudden

Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
 And hasty from his hold withdrew.
 'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain;
 Then had'st thou press'd my hand again,
 My heart had yielded too.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
 That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek.
 Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
 Thy lip should other pleasures seek.
 Much, much thy music I approve;
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
 Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd;
 Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone!
 Last night with Delia's dog he play'd:
 Love by such trifles first comes on.
 Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
 My tongue would now my heart betray.
 Ah Chloe! thou art won.

The youth stept forth with hasty pace,
 And found where wiling Chloe lay.
 Shame sudden light'ned in her face,
 Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
 At last, in broken words, she cry'd,
 To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
 But I am lost to-day.

J. GAY.

Tune, William and Margaret.

OF Leic'ster, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face:

Till luckless love and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,

Her

Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life was near an end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn bodding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke,
The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
"Which says, I must not stay;
"I see a hand you cannot see,
"Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart and broken vows,
"In early youth I die.
"Was I to blame, because his bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone;
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
"Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
"Impatient both prepare:
"But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
"That Lucy will be there.

"Then

" Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
 " This bridegroom blythe to meet,
 " He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 " I in my winding sheet."

She spoke, she dy'd : her corse was borne
 The bridegroom blythe to meet,
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts !
 How were these nuptials kept !
 The bride's men flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell ;
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he gron'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more !)
 The varying crimson fled,
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mold with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

Oft at his grave the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen ;
 With garlands gay, and true love-knots,
 They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet it here.

TICKLE.

H

Gently

Gently touch the warbling lyre,
 Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
 Fill her soul with fond desire;
 Softest notes will soothe her breast.
 Pleasing dreams assist in love;
 Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies,
 (Nature's verdant velvet bed),
 Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
 Forming pillows for her head.
 Zephyrs waft their odours round,
 And indulging whispers sound.

A. BRADLEY.

Gently stir and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton to, to roast.
 Get me quick, 'tis my desire,
 In the dripping-pan a toast,
 That my hunger may remove;
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lies:
 Oh the charming white and red!
 Finer meat ne'er met my eyes;
 On the sweetest grass it fed.
 Swiftly make the jack go round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean.
 Pickles get of ev'ry sort,
 And a sallad crisp and green.
 Then, with small beer and sparkling wine,
 O ye gods, how I shall dine!

ALL you that would refine your blood,
 As pure as fam'd Lewelling,

By

By water clear, come ev'ry year
And drink at Bellaspelling.

Though pox or itch your skin enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin, ere you have been
A month at Bellaspelling.

Though ladies cheeks be green as leeks,
When they come from their dwelling,
The kindling rose within them blows,
While they're at Bellaspelling.

The sutt'ry brown, just come from town,
Grows here as fresh as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaus,
By dint of Bellaspelling.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair,
As Rofs or bright Dunkelling;
'And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Bellaspelling.

We must submit as they think fit,
And there is no rebelling;
The reason's plain, the ladies reign
Our queens at Bellaspelling.

By matchless charms and conqu'ring arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desp'rate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Bellaspelling.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns;
I know't, because I fell in
The happy stream, where a fair dame
Did bathe at Bellaspelling.

Fine beaus advance, equipp'd for dance,
And bring their Anne and Nell in
With so much grace, I'm sure no place
Can vie with Bellaspelling.

No politics, or subtle tricks,
No man his country selling;
We eat and drink, and never think
Like rogues, at Bellaspelling.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
They all come here pell-mell in,
And they are sure to find a cure
By drinking Bellaspelling.

Though dropfy fill you to the gill,
From chin to toe high swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
A cure at Bellaspelling.

Death throws no darts in these good parts;
No sextons here are knelling.
Come judge and try, you'll never die
While you're at Bellaspelling;

Except you feel darts tip with steel,
Which here are ev'ry belle in,
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
You die at Bellaspelling.

Good chear, good air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, and smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Bellaspelling.

Within this bound we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs are yelling,
Except you wake for Celia's sake
All night at Bellaspelling.

Here all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in ;
But all partake the mirth we make
Who live at Bellaspelling.

My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,
Unless I should bring hell in ;

But

But since we're here to heaven so near,
I can't at Bellaspelling.

WHen the bright god of day drove westward his ray,
And the ev'ning was charming and clear,
The swallows amain nimbly skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants appear.

In a jessamine bow'r, when the bean was in flow'r,
And Zephyrs breath'd odours around,
Lov'd Celia was set, with her song and spinet,
And she charm'd all the grove with the sound.

Rosy bowers she sung, while the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive;
'Th' industrious bees, from the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

The gay god of love, as he flew o'er the grove,
By Zephyrs conducted along,
As she touch'd on the strings, he beat time with his wings,
And Echo repeated the song.

O ye mortals! beware how you venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound.
Your fate you can't thum, for your surely undone,
If you rashly approach near the sound.

He. **O**F all comforts I miscarried,
When I play'd the sot and married:
'Tis a trap, there's none needs doubt on't,
Those that are in would fain be out on't.

She. Fie! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take, and bind your head.
Too much drink your brain has dos'd;
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. 'Oons? 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down;
For as soon as the cock crows, I'll be gone.

She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone!

He. From your arms myself divorcing,
I this morn must ride a courting;
A sport that far excells a *Madam*,
Or all the wives have been since Adam.

She. I, when thus I've lost my due,
Must hug my pillow wanting you;
And whilst you top it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmless tea.

He. Pox, what care I! drink your slops till you die.
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

She. If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted.
When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

He. Ere I be from rambling hind'red,
I'll renounce my spouse and kindred.
To be sober, I've no leisure;
What's a man without his pleasure?

She. To my grief then I must see,
Strong wine and Nantz my rivals be.
Whilst you carouse it with your blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

He. 'Zouns! you may go to your gossips, you know,
And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

She. Go, ye joker, go provoker;
Never, never shall I meet a man like you.

Tune, *Bright Aurelia*.

With ev'ry grace young Strephon chose
His person to adorn,

That,

That, by the beauties of his face,
In Sylvia's love he might find place,
And wonder'd at her scorn.

With bows and smiles he did his part;
But, oh! 'twas all in vain.
A youth less fine, a youth of art,
Had talk'd himself into her heart,
And would not out again.

With change of habits Strephon prest,
And urg'd her to admire.
His love alone the other drest,
As verse or prose became it best,
And mov'd her soft desire.

This found, his courtship Strephon ends,
Or makes it to his glass.
Therein himself now seeks amends,
Convinc'd, that where a wit pretends,
A beau is but an ass

WHen I was a young lad, my torture was bad;
If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.
I spent all my means on whores, bawds, and queans;
Then I got a commission to plunder.
The hat I have on so greasy is grown,
Remarkable 'tis for its thinning.
'Tis slitch'd all about, without button or loop,
And never a bit of a lining.

The coat I have on, so thread-bare is grown,
So out at the armpits and elbows,
That I look as absurd as a sailor on board,
That has lain fifteen months in the bilboos.
My shirt it is tore, both behind and before;
The colour is much like a cinder.
'Tis so thin and so fine, that it is my design
To present it the muses for tinder.

My

My blue fustian breeches is wore to the stitches;
 My legs you may see what's between them.
 My pockets all four, I'm the son of a whore
 If there's ever one farthing within them.
 I have stockings, 'tis true, but the devil a shoe;
 I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather.
 Be damn'd the boot-sole, curse on the spur-roll,
 Confounded be the upper-leather.

Had ye but seen the sad plight I was in,
 Ye'd not seen such a poet amongst twenty.
 I've nothing that's full, but my shirt and my scull,
 For my pockets and belly are empty.
Fall all de rall, &c.

Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blash,
 Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood-shaw or fountain;
 Or where the summer-day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows your mine, by love is your's
 A heart that cannot wander.

Tune,

Tune, A rock and a wee pickle tow.

I Have a green purse, and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land, and planting on't;
 It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd;
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't:
 To grace it, and trace it, and gi'e me delight;
 To bless me, and kiss me, and comfort my sight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lane gang saunt'ring on't.

My Christy she's charming and good as she's fair;
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair:
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest and dearest, delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces by heaven were design'd
 For happiest transports and blisses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting, sweet.

For thee, bonny Christy, my shepherds and hinds
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine.
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
 Then hear me, and chear me, with smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me no cause to lament;
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, Content,
 I'm pleas'd wi' my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

The FAIR THIEF.

BEfore the urchin well could go,
 She stole the whiteness of the snow;
 And, more that whiteness to adorn,
 She stole the blushes of the morn,
 Stole all the sweetness æther sheds
 On primrose buds and violet beds.
 I tell, with equal truth and grief,
 That Chloe is an arrant thief.

Still

Still to conceal her artful wiles,
 She stole the graces silken smiles;
 She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
 And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth;
 The cherry dipt in morning-dew,
 Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

I tell, with equal truth, &c.

These were her infant spoils, a store,
 Yet she in time still pilfer'd more.
 At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen,
 Her air, and love-commanding mien;
 Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
 From Pallas, sense, to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey,
 And next the beam that lights the day;
 She sung, amaz'd the Syrens heard,
 And, to assert their voice, appear'd;
 She play'd, the muses from their hill
 Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill.

Great love approv'd her crimes and art,
 And t'other day she stole my heart.
 If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
 Exert your vengeance on this fair,
 To trial bring her stolen charms,
 And let her prison be my arms.

I tell, with equal truth, &c.

Come all you young lovers who wan with despair,
 Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair;
 Who puff up their pride by inhancing their charms,
 And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms;
 Be wise by example, take pattern from me;
 For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.
For let what will happen, &c.

When

When I in the net by young Daphne was caught,
 I ly'd and I flatter'd, as custom had taught;
 I prefs'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon.
 But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon.
 She said she was ruin'd; I said it might be,
 I'm sorry, my dear; but by Jove, &c.

The next was young Phillis as bright as the morn;
 The love that I profer'd she treated with scorn;
 I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
 That none can be handsome but such as are kind.
 Her pride and ill-nature were lost upon me;
 For, in spite of fair faces, by Jove, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,
 Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise.
 Some chuse to be hamper'd, it is a strange rage,
 And like birds they sing best when confin'd in a cage:
 Confinement's the devil; 'twas ne'er made for me;
 Let who will be bound slaves, by Jove, &c.

Then let each brisk bumper run over the glass,
 In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass,
 Who yielding and easy prescribes no dull rule,
 Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool;
 Let us bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee;
 For in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free.

The ANSWER.

HOW dare you, bold Strephon, presume thus to prate,
 And lash the fair sex at this monstrous rate,
 To boast of your freedom, since not long ago
 That you was a slave to fair Chloe you know?
 When the next arrow comes, I wish't be from me,
 Then I'd give you that answer, *By Jove I'll be free.*

You say, that young Daphne you brought to disgrace;
 I thank my kind stars, that is none of my case:
 I'll take special care, Sir, of yielding too soon,
 Nor will I despair at the change of the moon;

It

It ne'er was in your power yet to ruin me,
So I tell you with courage, *By Jove I'll be free.*

The next was young Phillis, whom beauties adorn;
She serv'd you but right, Sir, to treat you with scorn.
When the fox could not get the sweet grapes in his pow'r,
He gave them a curse, and he said they were four.
So those nymphs that are wise, Sir, and won't ruin'd be,
With spleen you despair of, yet cry, *I'll be free.*

Although you make sport, Sir, of the marriage-state,
Remember, proud Strephon, it may be your fate;
In the height of your fever, your pains to assuage,
When there's no other way, you'll be glad of a cage.
When mirth, wine, and music no cordials can be,
May the fair one then answer, *By Jove I'll be free.*

I wish that all women would follow my rule;
Then soon, haughty Strephon, you'd look like a fool.
When Cupid has shot with a well-pointed dart,
And made an impression upon your vain heart,
When trembling and pale, you approach the fair she,
May she answer you coldly, *By Jove I'll be free.*

But give me the man that can love without feint,
(For natural beauty is far before paint),
Who thinks it a blessing to settle for life,
And knows how to value a virtuous wife;
With patience I'll wait till I find the kind he,
And then I'll no longer desire to be free.

THE blytheft bird that sings in May,
Was ne'er more blythe, was ne'er more gay
Than I, ah well-a-day, than I, ah well-a-day.
Ere Colin yet had learn'd to sigh,
Or I to guess the reason why,
Oh love, ah well-a-day, oh love, ah well-a-day.

We kiss'd, we toy'd, but neither knew
From whence these fond endearments grew, *Till he, &c.*

By

By time and other swains made wise,
Began to talk of hearts and eyes, *And love, &c.*

Kind nature now took Colin's part,
My eyes inform'd against my heart, *My heart, &c.*
Straight glow'd with thrilling sympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle sigh, *Each sigh, &c.*

Can love, alas! by words be shown?
He ask'd a proof, a tender one, *While I, &c.*
In silence blush'd a fond reply,
Can she, who truly loves, deny? *Ah no, &c.*

Tune, Mary Scot.

'TWas summer, and the day was fair,
Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow.
Till then despising beauty's pow'r,
I kept my heart, my own secure;
But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
And Mary's charms do now inflave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive!
No ransom take for Mary's slave?
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me;
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming fair;
This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,
In Nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one request,
I'd ask to lie on Mary's breast:
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure;
Despising kings, and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts, and courtiers' fate;

&c.
By

I

My

My joy compleat on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her and live on Yarrow.

But though such bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
For, leaving life, I'll always love her.
What doubts distract a lover's mind?
That breast, all softness, must prove kind;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

Tune, Sweet are the charms of her I love.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western cloud was edg'd with gold;
The sky was clear, the winds were still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold:
When, in the silence of a grove,
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.
When, in the silence of a grove, &c.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock, or oozy beach;
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape, or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in women-kind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain;
Nor meadows green, nor gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since womens hearts are bought and sold?
They ask no vows of sacred truth;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.

Gold

Gold can the frowns of scorn remove—
Thus I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
What wealth, what riches can suffice ?
Yet India's shore could never boast
The living lustre of her eyes ;
For there the world too cheap must prove :
Can I then buy—who have but love ?

Oh, Sylvia, since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just as fair, and value more
Than gems and ore a heart sincere.
Let treasure meaner beauties move ;
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love. J. GAY.

Tune, Grim King of the Ghosts.

DEspairing beside a clear stream
A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
And, while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.
Alas ! silly swain that I was ;
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I blest'd her dear tongue ;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great :
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe,
 She could doat on so lowly a clown;
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town?
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
 Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
 Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
 What though, when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around:
 Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Though through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found;
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shed me with cypress and yew;
 And, when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own, that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolick it all the long day:

While

While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen;
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green. N. Rowe.

The ANSWER.

YE winds to whom Colin complains,
 In dittays so sad and so sweet,
 Believe me, the shepherd but feigns,
 He's wretched to show he has wit.
 No charmer like Colin can move,
 And this is some pretty new art;
 Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart.
 When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
 Seem doleful, and alter his face;
 Can tremble, and breathe out his tale;
 Ah! Colin has every pace.
 The willow my rover prefers
 To the breast where he once beg'd to lie;
 And the streams, that he swells with his tears,
 Are rivals belov'd more than I.
 His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon beat him to rest:
 Let the swain that is slighted despair;
 But Colin is only in jest.
 No death the deceiver designs.
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair;
 For Colin but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air.
 Can shepherds bred far from the court,
 So wittily talk of their flame?
 Ah! Colin makes passion his sport;
 Beware of so fatal a game.

My voice of no music can boast,
 Nor my person of ought that is fine;
 But Colin may find, to his cost,
 A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah ! then I will break my lov'd crook,
 To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep,
 And die in the much-favour'd brook,
 Where Colin does now sit and weep.
 Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
 In sonnets so smooth and divine :
 Perhaps I may rise from my grave,
 To hear such soft music as thine.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
 The hearts-ease, the lily, and pink,
 Let thy fingers a garland compose,
 And crown'd with the rivulet's brink :
 How oft, my dear swain, did I swear ?
 How much my fond soul did admire
 Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
 Though deck'd in thy rural attire.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
 That all your small subjects obey'd ;
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraid.
 How often, my swain, have I said,
 That thy arms were a palace to me ?
 And how well I could live in a shade,
 Though adorn'd with nothing but thee ?

Oh ! what are the sparks of the town,
 Though never so fine and so gay !
 I freely would leave beds of down,
 For thy breast and a bed of new hay.
 Then, Colin, return once again,
 Again make me happy in love ;
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove.

The SCULLION.

BY the side of a great kitchen-fire,
 A scullion so hungry was laid,
 A pudding was all his desire;
 A kettle supported his head.
 The hogs that were fed by the house,
 To his sigh with a grunt did reply;
 And the gutter, that car'd not a louse,
 Ran mournfully muddily by.

But when it was set in a dish,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 My mouth it doth water and with,
 I think it had better been fry'd;
 The butter around it was spread,
 'Twas as great as a prince in his chair:
 O! might I but eat it, he said,
 The proof of the pudding lies there.

How foolish was I to believe
 It was made for so homely a clown,
 Or that it would have a reprieve
 From the dainty fine folks of the town?
 Could I think that a pudding so fine
 Would ever uneaten remove?
 We labour that others may dine,
 And live in a kitchen on love.

What though at the fire I have wrought,
 Where puddings we boil and we fry;
 Though part of it hither be brought,
 And none of it ever set by:
 Ah, Colin thou must not be first,
 Thy knife and thy trencher resign;
 There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,
 And her turn is sooner than mine.

All you my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me so pale,

Whatever

Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear at a pudding to rail:
 Though I should through all the rooms rove,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to go,
 'Tis its fate to be eaten above,
 'Tis mine still to want it below.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In your breasts any pity be found,
 Ye servants that earliest dine,
 Come see how I lie on the ground,
 Then hang up a pan and a pot,
 And sorrow to see how I dwell;
 And say, when you grieve at my lot,
 Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

Then back to your meat you may go,
 Which you set in your dishes so prim,
 Where sauce in the middle does flow,
 And flowers are strew'd round the brim:
 Whilst Colin, forgotten and gone,
 By the hedges shall dismally rove,
 Unless when he sees the round moon,
 He thinks on a pudding above.

Tune, Tweed side.

Restrain'd from the sight of my dear,
 No object with pleasure I see;
 Though thousands around me appear,
 The world's but a desert to me.
 Ev'ry morning her charms to survey,
 Sol's absence I'd gladly excuse;
 'Tis her eyes that restore me the day,
 'Tis night when their lustre I lose.

In vain are the verdurs of spring,
 The fields dress'd so bloomingly gay,

The birds that delightfully sing,
 Delight not when Celia's away.
 O! give the dear nymph to my arms,
 And the seasons unheeded may roll;
 Her presence like midsummer warms,
 Her absence outfreezes the pole.

Reclin'd by soft murmuring streams,
 I, weeping, disburthen my care;
 I tell to the rocks my fond themes,
 Whose echoes but soothe my despair
 Ye streams, that soft murmuring flow,
 Convey to my love every tear;
 Ye rocks, that resound with my woe,
 Repeat my complaints in her ear.

O tell her, I languishing lie,
 In the midst of life's vigorous bloom;
 That 'tis only herself can supply
 The cure that retrieves from the tomb:
 And if the dear charmer shall deign
 To equal my amorous fire,
 That moment will ease all my pain,
 New life and new pleasure inspire.

YE gods, you gave to me a wife,
 Out of your grace and favour,
 To be the comfort of my life,
 And I was glad to have her.

But if your providence divine
 For greater bliss design her,
 T'obey your will, at any time,
 I'm ready to resign her.

• CH. COFFEE.

Tune,

Tune, I wish my love were in a mire.

BELinda, see, from yonder flowers,
The bee flies loaded to its cell ;
Can you perceive what it devours ?
Are they impaired in show or sinell ?

So, though I robb'd you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew ;
Why are you angry at my bliss ?
Has it at all impoverish'd you ?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famish'd love alive,
Which you inhumanly would starve.

Tune, Nannyo.

DID ever swain a nymph adore
As I ungrateful Nanny do !
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore ?
Was ever broken heart so true ?
My eyes are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never shed a tear for me.
My eyes are swell'd with tears, &c.

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay,
Or linger when she bid me run ?
She only had the word to say,
And all she ask'd was quickly done.
I always thought on her, but she
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day ?
When did her heifers ever fast,
If Robin in his yard had hay ?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her !

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
 I cheerfully did give her two;
 Did not her lambs in safety sleep
 Within my folds in frost and snow?
 Have they not there from cold been free?
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard-trees,
 The ripest fruit was kept for Nan;
 Oh how those hands, that drown'd her bees,
 Were stung! I'll ne'er forget the pain.
 Sweet were the combs as sweet could be,
 But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nanny to the well did come,
 'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
 Full as they were I brought them home:
 Her corn I carried to the mill.
 My back did bear her sacks, but she
 Would never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave;
 I'm sure they always had the best.
 Within this week her pigeons have
 Ate up a peck of pease at least.
 Her little pigeons kifs, but she
 Would never take a kifs from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
 And Nanny still on Robin frown?
 Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,
 If Nanny does not love me soon?
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron-string.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate, (hall.
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
 If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy ;
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too, most
 (sweet,
 Saying, Just to a hair I have made both ends meet.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;
 He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart.
 I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay :
 Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose ev'ry day,
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

He sung her love-songs, as he sat at his work ;
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :
 Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would fleece,
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd :
 He pierc'd through his body, instead of the sole ;
 So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

And now, in good-will, I advise, as a friend,
 All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end :
 Keep your hearts out of love ; for we find, by what's past,
 That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Tune, To all you ladies new at land.

TO you fair ladies, now in town,
 We countrymen do write ;
 And do invite you to come down,
 To taste of our delight.
 The weather's fine, the fields are gay,
 And 'tis the pleasant month of May.
Fa, la, la, la, la, la.

The

The country's now in all its pride,
 New-drest in lovely green;
 The earth, with various colours dy'd,
 Displays a lovely scene.
 A thousand pretty flow'rs appear,
 To deck your bosoms and your hair.

The cuckows pick up all the dirt;
 The trees are all in bloom;
 If rural music can divert,
 Each bush affords a tune:
 The turtle's heard in every grove,
 And milk-maids sing their songs of love.

Could we persuade you to come down,
 Our joys would be compleat.
 Dear ladies, leave the noisy town,
 And to our shades retreat.
 Would you but in our shades appear,
 You'd make our fields elysium here.

We'll shew you all your cowslip-meads,
 And pleasant woods and springs;
 And lead you to the tuneful shades,
 Where Philomela sings;
 Sweet Philomel, whose warbling throat
 Excels your Senefino's note.

For you we deck and trim our bowers,
 And make our gardens fine;
 For you preserve our choicest flowers,
 That now are in their prime.
 The murm'ring brooks accuse your stay,
 And Zephyrs sigh for your delay.

Come then, and take your morning-air,
 Just rose from flow'ry beds;
 'Tis better than your snuff by far,
 And all perfumes exceeds.
 Our ev'ning-walks more pleasures bring
 Than the gay park, and crouded ring.

For your own sakes, if not for ours,
 The dusty town forego ;
 Fresh air will give your eyes new pow'rs,
 And make each beauty glow ;
 'Twill to the lily add the rose,
 And every brighter charm disclose.

IN good King CHARLES's golden days,
 When loyalty had no harm in't,
 A zealous high-church man I was,
 And so I got preferment.
 To teach my flock I never mist,
 Kings are by God appointed ;
 And those are damn'd that do resist,
 And touch the Lord's anointed.
*And this is law, I will maintain,
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.*

When Royal JAMES obtain'd the throne,
 And Pop'ry came in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the declaration.
 The church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution ;
 And had become a Jesuit,
 But for the revolution.

When WILLIAM was our King declar'd,
 To ease the nation's grievance ;
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance.
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance ;
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 And so was non-resistance.

When

When gracious ANNE became our Queen,
 The church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory.
 Occasional conformists base
 I damn'd their moderation,
 And thought the church in danger was
 By such prevarication.

When GEORGE in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, Sir ;
 I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
 And then became a Whig, Sir :
 And so preferment I procur'd,
 By our own faith's defender ;
 And always every day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.

Th'illustrious house of HANOVER,
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear,
 While they can keep possession :
 For, by my faith and loyalty,
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful King shall be,
 Until the times shall alter.
*And this is law, I will maintain,
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.*

Tune, *Last time I came o'er the moor.*

YE blytheft lads, and lasses gay,
 Hear what my sang discloses :
 As I ae morning sleeping lay
 Upon a bank of roses,

Young Jamie, whisking o'er the mead,
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me;
 He took his bonnet aff his head,
 And fasly sat down by me.

Jamie though I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him;
 But, with a frown, my face disguis'd,
 And strave away to send him.
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my side down lying,
 His beating heart thumped sae fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
 An angry passion feigning,
 I aften roughly shot him by,
 With words full of disdain.
 Poor Jamie bawk'd, nae favour wins,
 Went aff much discontented;
 But I, in truth, for a' my sins
 Ne'er haf sae fair repented.

Z. O.

Tune, *Greenwood tree.*

OF all the things beneath the sun,
 To love's the greatest curse:
 If one's deny'd, then he's undone;
 If not, 'tis ten times worse.
 Poor Adam, by his wife, 'tis known,
 Was trick'd some years ago;
 But Adam was not trick'd alone,
 For all his sons are so.

Lovers the strangest fools are made,
 When they their nymphs pursue;
 Which they will ne'er believe till wed,
 But then, alas! 'tis true.

They

They beg, they pray, and they adore,
 Till wearied out of life;
 And pray, what's all this trouble for?
 Why truly for a wife.

How odd a thing's a whining sot,
 Who sighs in greatest need,
 For that, which soon as ever got,
 Does make him sigh indeed!
 Each maid's an angel whilst she's woo'd;
 But when the wooing's done,
 The wife, instead of flesh and blood,
 Proves nothing but a bone.

Ills more or less, in human life,
 No mortal man can shun;
 But when a man has got a wife,
 He has them all in one.
 The liver of Prometheus
 A gnawing vulture fed;
 A fable, that the thing was thus,
 The poor old man was wed.

A wife, all men of learning know,
 Was Tantalus's curse;
 The apples which did tempt him so,
 Were nought but a divorce.
 Let no fool dream, that to his share
 A better wife will fall;
 They're all the same, faith, to a hair,
 For they are women all.

When first the senseless empty nokes
 With wooing does begin,
 Far better he might beg the stocks,
 That they would let him in.
 Yet for a lover we may say,
 He wears no cheating phiz;
 Though other looks do oft betray,
 He looks like what he is.

More joys a glass of wine does give,
 (Wife take him that gainsays),
 Than all the wenches sprung from Eve
 E'er gave in all their days.
 But come, to lovers here's a glass;
 God wot they need no curse:
 Each wishes he may wed his lass,
 No soul can wish him worse.

Tune, John Anderson my jo.

WE all to conqu'ring beauty bow,
 Its pleasing powers admire;
 But I ne'er saw that face till now,
 That like your's could inspire.
 Now I may say, I've met with one
 Amazes all mankind;
 And, like men gazing on the sun,
 With too much light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving sighs,
 When longing lovers meet;
 Like the divining prophets wife,
 And like blown roses sweet;
 Majestic, gay, reserv'd, yet free,
 Each happy night a bride;
 A mien like awful majesty,
 And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to gain a wife,
 Chaste, beautiful, and young,
 Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
 And never thought it long.
 If beauty would reward such care,
 And life so long could stay,
 Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
 Would seem but as one day.

HOW

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less ?
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 What though he all dusty and whit'n'd does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau ;
 A clown in his dress may be honefter far,
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.
Than a courtier, &c.

Though his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.
 What if then a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without scruple, from other mens sacks ;
 In this of right noble examples he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate ;
 In this too he mimicks the tools of the state,
 Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,
 As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.
 He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
 And down when he's weary, contented does lie,
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing.
 If so happy a miller : who would be a king ?

Tune, Pinkie-house.

MY days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as bless'd as I.
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream ?
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them ?

But

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught,
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.
 An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt controul;
 And lovely Nancy stands confess
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love;
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design;
 O teach a young unpractic'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair;
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress;
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

PARNELL.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdes lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way, (say,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.
 False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
 Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon! the cause of my mourning.
 But first, said she, let me go down to the shades below,
 Ere ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him so.
 Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show,
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by;
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh:
 But finding her breathless, Oh heavens! did he cry,

Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art.
 They, sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,

And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead, wounded by me! he said;
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid, down to the silent shade.
 Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,

Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

X.

Tune, My apron deary.

AH Chloe! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest;
 I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my charmer, and long to return.
 The fields all around me are smiling and gay;
 But they smile all in vain—my Chloe's away.
 The fields and the groves can afford me no ease;
 But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms;
 I'm cold to the fairest, though glowing with charms;
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye;
 These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.
 These looks where bright love, like the sun, sits in—
 And smiling diffuses his influence round; (thron'd,
 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd;
 Gaz'd at thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair-one was still in my sight,
 It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night.
 But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
 In secret I languish, a prey to despair.
 But absence and torment abate not my flame,
 My Chloe's still charming, my passion the same;

O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
Then absence would please me, for I would be blest.

Tune, Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go (grow.
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Madie be fair,
Her beauty is dath'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth:
But Susie is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress should be.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence could ease me.

When naething can please me.

Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing;

Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, you dinna appear.

That

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell :

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning ;

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,

When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,
(and play.

Tune, John Anderson my jo.

WHat means this niceness now of late,
Since time that truth does prove ?

Such distance may consist with state,

But never will with love.

*Tis either cunning or disdain

That does such ways allow ;

The first is base, the last is vain :

May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,

You over-act your part ;

And if it be to have me gone,

You need not ha'f that art :

For if you chance a look to cast,

That seems to be a frown,

I'll give you all the love that's past,

The rest shall be my own.

O, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny lasses.

They bigged a bower on yon burn-brae,

And theek'd it o'er wi' rathes.

Fair

Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
 Soon gar'd my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 Whan Phebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning.
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances.
 Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove ! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses.
 Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stinted ;
 Then I'll draw cuss, and curse my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

By K. James V.

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
 Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a filly poor man ?

The

The night was cauld, the carle was war,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

Oh! wow! quo' he, were I as free
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blythe and merry wad I be!
 And I wad never think lang.

He grew canty, and she grew fain:
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir slee twa t'gether were say'n,
 When wooing they were fae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou shoud gang.

And O! quo' she, ann I were as white
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd clead me braw, and lady-like,
 And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot:
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Upon the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claife;
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
 The strae was cauld, he was away;
 She clapt her hand, cry'd, Wal-a-day,
 For some of our gear will be gane.

Some ran to coffers, and some to kists;
 But nought was stown that could be mist:
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae but the house, lass, and wake my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gade where the daughter lay;
 The sheets were cauld, she was away;
 And fast to her goodwife, did say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye, find these traitors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit;
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
 She cou'd nae gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time, far hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith.
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Illfardly wad she crook her mou,
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzie-man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need;
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the Gaberlunzie—O.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

AH! why those tears in Nelly's eyes?
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
 The gods stand list'ning from the skies,
 Pleas'd with thy piety.
 To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a care,
 Who views thee as an angel fair,
 Or some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this fever of my mind,
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind;
 Wounded I sigh for thee—

While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a height by Hymen's ties
 To lay me down where Helen lies,
 And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love and die,
 When such a sov'reign cure is by?
 No; she can love, and I'll go try,
 Whate'er my fate may be:
 Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes;
 With those dear agents I'll advise;
 They tell the truth when tongues tellles,
 The least believ'd by me.

MY fair, ye swains, is gone astray,
 The little wand'rer lost her way
 In gathering flowers t'other day;
 Poor Phillis, poor Phillis, poor lovely Phillis.

Ah ! lead her home, ye gentle swains,
 Who know an absent lover's pains,
 And bring me safely o'er the plains,
 My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

Conceive what tortures rack my mind ;
 And if you'll be so just and kind,
 I'll give you certain marks to find *My Phillis, &c.*
 Whene'er a charming form you see,
 Serenely grave, sedately free,
 And mildly gay, it must be she ; *'Tis Phillis, &c.*

Not wholly bare, nor half undrest,
 But under covert lightly prest,
 In secret plays the little breast *Of Phillis, &c.*
 When such a heav'nly voice you hear,
 As makes you think a Dryad near,
 Ah ! seize her, and bring home my dear ; *'Tis Phillis.*

The nymph whose person void of art,
 Has ev'ry grace in ev'ry part,
 With murr'ring eyes, yet harmless heart, *Is Phillis.*
 Whose teeth are like an ivory row,
 Whose skin is like the clearest snow,
 Whose face like nothing that I know, *Is Phillis.*

But rest, my soul, and bless your fate ;
 The gods, who form'd a piece so neat,
 So just, exact, and so compleat, *As Phillis,*
 Proud of their art in such a flower,
 Which so exemplifies their power,
 Will guard in ev'ry dang'rous hour *My Phillis.*

ASK me not how calmly I
 All the cares of life defy ;
 How I baffle human woes,
 Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,
 You, like me, may cares defy ;

All the pangs the heart endures,
Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,
Feats of arms and drunken joys;
I have pleasures more divine;
Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than fools can know,
More than fortune can bestow,
Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,
Broken vows, and faithless hearts;
Tell the wretch who pines and grieves,
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can bestow;
Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,
Woman woman, woman brings.

The ANSWER.

ASK, thou filly dotard man,
Whence our ruin first began;
How our grief and deadly wo
Did from woman, woman flow.

We might live and happy be,
Could we shun this enemy;
All the pangs the heart e'er knew,
From vain woman, woman grew.

Ask what calm felicity
Man enjoy'd; how blest'd was he,
Nought could his repose invade,
Till false woman she was made.

Soon as she received her breath,
Man was subject unto death.

Other evils to their shame,
From deceitful woman came.

Ask what ills befell old Troy,
Which false Helen did destroy;
Of the tender bridegrooms too,
Which false women, women slew.

How the brave Mark Anthony
Lost the world by faithless she.
Ruin'd states, lost crowns and kings,
From vain woman, woman springs.

What joys the happy pair await,
In Hymen's rosy fetters bound,
When, in the soft connubial state,
The lover in the husband's found!

'Tis female sweetness gives us joy,
Through ev'ry vary'd scene of life;
And marriage-raptures never cloy,
Indulgent from a virtuous wife.

D U E T T O.

Thus ever renewing embraces,
A circle of pleasures we'll prove;
No time those endearments effaces
Which are founded on virtue and love.

Tune, Stella darling of the muses.

Wilst I fondly view the charmer,
Thus the god of love I sue:
Gentle Cupid, pray disarm her;
Cupid, if you love me, do.
Of a thousand sweets bereave her;
Rob her neck, her lips, and eyes;
The remainder still will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape

Shape and feature, flame and passion,
 Still in ev'ry breast will move;
 More is supererogation,
 Mere idolatry of love.

You may dress a world of Chloes
 In the beauties she can spare.
 Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
 To your altars, or the fair.

Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry Cupid made reply :
 Do Florella's charms displease ye?
 Die then, foolish mortal, die.
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her
 Of the captivating store ;
 Shepherd, no ; I'll rather give her
 Twenty thousand beauties more.

Were Florella proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a lover's care ;
 Justly then you'd pray that pow'r
 Should be taken from the fair.
 But though I spread a blemish o'er her,
 No relief in that you'll find ;
 Still, fond shepherd you'll adore her
 For the beauties of her mind.

A Lexis shunn'd his fellow-swains,
 Their rural sports and jocund strains ;
 (Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow) ;
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
 And, wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless wo.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came ;
 His grief some pity, others blame ;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek.

He

He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears;
 He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came amongst the rest,
 And she, too, kind concern express'd,
 And ask'd the reason of his wo:
 She ask'd; but with an air and mien,
 As made it easily be seen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal;
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain;
 You are the cause of all my care:
 Your eyes ten thousand daggers dart,
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart;
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
 And yet I pardon you, the cry'd.
 But you shall promise, ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

PRIOR.

PRithee, Billy, be'n't so silly,
 Thus to waste thy days in grief:
 You say, Betty will not let ye;
 But can sorrow bring relief?

Leave

Leave repining, cease your whining;
 Pox on torment, tears, and wo.
 If she's tender, she'll surrender;
 If she's tough, —e'en let her go. H. CAREY.

A LOVE-SONG in the modern taste.

FLutt'ring spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
 While a slave in thy dominions,
 Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming
 All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
 Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
 Soothe my ever-waking numbers;
 Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, King of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors
 Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows.
 Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Meander,
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent meat ;
See the birds of Jano stooping :
Melody resigns to fate.

D. SWIFT.

When Britain first at Heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain ;
*Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britens never will be slaves.*

The nations, not so blest'd as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their wo, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

The muses still with freedom sound,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest'd isle ! with beauty matchless crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, &c.

JA. THOMSON.

Custom

CUSTOM prevailing so long 'mongst the great,
 Makes oaths easy potions to sleep on;
 Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
 Without e'er designing to keep one.
 For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
 A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name;
 A lawyer to truth, or a statesman from blame,
 Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
 For how can I speak without pain?
 My eyes have oft told you their wishes:
 Why can't you the meaning explain?
 My passion would lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame;
 Then pray don't expect a confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since your's is the province of speaking,
 How can you expect it from me?
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they should be.
 Then quickly why don't you discover?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over and over
 What I in my bosom confine.

The REPLY.

To the foregoing tune.

GOOD Madam, when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool;
 For me I would not give a shilling,
 For one that can love without rule.
 At least you should wait for our offers,
 Not snatch like old maids in despair;
 Had you liv'd to these years without proffers,
 Your sighs were all spent in the air.

You

You should leave us to guess by your blushing,
 And not tell the matter so plain;
 'Tis ours to be writing and pushing,
 And yours to affect a disdain.
 But you're in a terrible taking,
 By all the fond oglings I see;
 The fruit that can fall without shaking
 Indeed is too mellow for me.

Tune, Down the burn, Davis.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,
 And chide them from the only face
 I can behold with love?
 To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
 I seek a nymph more kind;
 And as I range from fair to fair,
 Still gentler usage find.

But O! how faint is ev'ry joy,
 Where nature has no part?
 New beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you engage my heart.
 So restless exiles, as they roam,
 Meet pity every where;
 Yet languish for their native home,
 Though death attends them there.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
 Our lives and safeties all.
 A woful hunting once there did
 In chevy-chace befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Piercy took his way.
 The child may rue that was unborn
 The hunting of that day.

The

The stout Earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer days to take ;

The choicest harts of Chevy-chace
 To kill and bear way.
 These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay ;

Who sent Earl Piercy present word,
 He would prevent the sport.
 The English Earl, not fearing him,
 Did to the woods resort,

With twenty hundred bowmen bold,
 All chosen men of might ;
 Who knew full well, in time of need,
 To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant grayhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow-deer.
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When day-light did appear ;

And long, before high noon, they had
 An hundred fat bucks slain :
 Then, having din'd, the rovers went
 To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hill,
 Well able to endure ;
 Their back-sides all, with special care,
 That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the wood,
 The nimble deer to take ;
 And, with their cries, the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make.

Earl Piercy to the quarry went,
 To view the fallow-deer ;

Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here ;

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.

With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say.

Lo, yonder doth Lord Douglas come !
His men in armour bright,
Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight ;

All pleasant men of Teviotdale,
Dwell by the river Tweed.
Then cease your sport Earl Piercy said,
And take your bows with speed ;

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage to advance ;
For there was ne'er a champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter, man for man,
With him to break a spear.

Lord Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, said he, whose men you be
That hunt so boldly here ;
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer.

The first man that did answer make,
Was Noble Piercy he,
Who said, We list not to declare
Nor show whose men we be ;

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
The choicest harts to slay.

Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say.

Ere thus I will outbraved be,
One of us two shall die.

I know thee well, an Earl thou art ;
Lord Piercy, so am I.

But trust me Piercy, pity 'twere,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our harmless men ;
For they have done no ill.

Let me and thee the battle try,
And set our men aside.

Accurs'd be he, said Earl Piercy,
By whom this is deny'd.

Then stept a gallant Squire forth,
Withrington by name :

Who said, he would not have it told
To Henry his King, for shame,

That e'er my Captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.

You be two Earls, said Withrington,
And I a squire alone ;

I'll do the best that I may do,

While I have power to stand ;

While I have power to wield my sword,

I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our Scottish archers bent their bows,

Their hearts were good and true :

At the first flight of arrows bent,

They fourscore English slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,

Douglas bade on the bent :

A Captain mov'd with meikle pride,
The spears in shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O! but it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
All scatter'd here and there!

At last thir two stout Earls did meet,
Like chistains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no Lord,
They made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trinkling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas said;
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be,
By James our Scottish King.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth Lord Piercy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn,
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Lord Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow:

Who

Who never spoke more words than these,
 Fight on, my merry men all ;
 For why, my life is at an end ;
 Lord Piercy sees me fall.

Then leaving life, Lord Piercy took
 The dead man by the hand,
 And said, Lord Douglas, for thy life,
 Would I had lost my land.

O, but my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake !
 For, sure, a more renowned knight
 Mischance did never take.

A Knight among the Scots there was
 Which saw Earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Earl Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgom'ry he was call'd,
 Who, with a spear full bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight.

He pass'd the English archers all,
 Without or dread or fear,
 And through Earl Piercy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a veh'ment force and might
 His body he did gore,
 The spear went through the other side
 A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain.
 An English archer then perceiv'd
 His Noble Lord was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree,

An arrow of a cloth-yard's length
Unto the head drew he :

Against Sir Hugh Montgom'ry then
So right his shaft he set,
The gray goosewings that were therein,
In his heart's blood were wet.

The fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun :
For when they rung the ev'ning bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With the Lord Piercy, there was slain,
Sir John of Oggerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold Baron ;

Sir George, and also good Sir Hugh,
Both Knights of good account :
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Withrington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought still on the stumps.

And, with Earl Douglas, there was slain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never fly :

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like ways
Did with Earl Douglas die.
Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears
Went home but fifty-three.

Of twenty hundred Englishmen,
 Scarce fifty five did flee.
 The rest were slain at Chevy-chace,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail.
 They wath'd their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all could not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
 They carry'd them away ;
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
 When they were cold as clay.

The news were brought to Edinburgh,
 Where Scotland's King did reign,
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an arrow slain.

Now God be with him, said our King,
 Sith 'twill no better be ;
 I trust I have, in my realm,
 Five hundred good as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
 That Piercy of Northumberland
 Was slain at Chevy-chace.

O heavy news ! King Henry said ;
 England can witness be,
 I have not any Captain more
 Of such account as he.

Now, of the rest, of small account,
 Did many hundreds die.
 Thus ends the hunt of Chevy-chace,
 Made by the Earl Piercy.

God

An arrow of a cloth-yard's length
Unto the head drew he :

Against Sir Hugh Montgom'ry then
So right his shaft he set,
The gray goosewings that were therein,
In his heart's blood were wet.

The fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun :
For when they rung the ev'ning bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With the Lord Piercy, there was slain,
Sir John of Oggerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold Baron ;

Sir George, and also good Sir Hugh,
Both Knights of good account :
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Withrington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought still on the stumps.

And, with Earl Douglas, there was slain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never fly :

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like ways
Did with Earl Douglas die.
Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears
Went home but fifty-three.

Of twenty hundred Englishmen,
 Scarce fifty five did flee.
 The rest were slain at Chevy-chace,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail.
 They wath'd their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all could not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
 They carry'd them away ;
 They kifs'd them dead a thousand times,
 When they were cold as clay.

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God

God save the King, and bless the land
 With plenty, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foul debates
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

Imitated by the Duke of WHARTON.

GOD prosper long from being broke
 The Luck* of Edenhall.
 A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
 That lately did befall.

To chase the spleen with cup and cann,
 Duke Philip took his way.
 Babes yet unborn shall never see
 Such drinking as that day.

The stout and ever thirsty Duke
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure within Cumberland
 Three live-long nights to take.

Sir Musgrave too of Martindale,
 A true and worthy Knight,
 Eftsoon with him a bargain made,
 In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pass about,
 Six a hand went round ;
 And with their calling for more wine,
 They made the hall resound.

Now, when these merry tidings reach'd
 The Earl of Harold's cars ;
 And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
 Thus slighted by my peers ?

Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
 I'll be with them right quick ;

And,

* A pint-bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.

And, Master Sheriff, come you too,
We'll know this scurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Harold come,
(Did one at table say).
'Tis well, reply'd the mettle Duke ;
How will he get away ?

When thus the Earl began : Great Duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me ; sure this
You did not learn in France.

One of us two for this offence
Under the board shall lie.
I know thee well, a Duke thou art,
So some years hence shall I.

But trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere,
So much good wine to spill,
As these companions here may drink,
Ere they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide.
Accurs'd be he, Duke Wharton said,
By whom it is deny'd.

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,
Many a pint went round,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay spewing on the ground.

When, at the last, the Duke espy'd
He had the Earl secure,
He ply'd him with a full pint glass,
Which laid him on the floor :

Who never spoke more words than these,
After he downwards sunk,
My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke Wharton sees me drunk.

Then,

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 With plenty, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth, that ſoul debates
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 Six a hand went round;
 And with their calling for more wine,
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 The Earl of Harold's ears;
 And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
 Thus ſlighted by my peers?

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 I'll be with them right quick;

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After he downwards sunk,
My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke Wharten sees me drunk.

Then,

Then, with a groan, Duke Philip held
 The sick man by the joint,
 And said, Earl Harold, 'stead of thee,
 Would I had drank this pint.

Alack ! my very heart doth bleed,
 And doth within me sink ;
 For surely a more sober Earl
 Did never swallow drink.

With that the Sheriff, in a rage,
 To see the Earl so smit,
 Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer
 Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth,
 Of visage thin and pale ;
 Lloyd was his name, and of Ganghall,
 Fast by the river Twale.

Who said, he would not have it told
 Where Eden river ran,
 That unconcern'd he should sit by :
 So Sheriff, I'm your man.

Now, when these tidings reach'd the room
 Where the Duke lay in bed,
 How that his 'Squire suddenly
 Upon the floor was laid :

O heavy tidings ! (quoth the Duke) ;
 Cumberland witness be,
 I have not any Captain more
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to Earl Thanet came,
 Within as short a space,
 How that the under-Sheriff too,
 Was fallen from his place :

Now God be with him, (said the Earl),
 Sith it 'twill no better be ;

I trust I have within my town
As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,
Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield ;
But with a bumper in his hand
He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,
And each man of the slain
Was quickly carried off to bed,
His senses to regain.

God bless the King, the Dutchess fat,
And keep the land in peace,
And grant that drunkenness henceforth
'Mongst noblemen may cease.

And likewise bless our Royal Prince,
The nation's other hope,
And give us grace for to defy
The Devil and the Pope.

AT the brow of a hill a fair shepherdess dwelt,
Who the pangs of ambition or love ne'er had felt :
A few sober maxims still run in her head ;
That 'twas better to earn ere she ate her own bread ;
That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
And, for folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
Would oftentimes try o'er her heart to prevail,
And would lean on his pitch-fork to tell her his tale.
With his winning behaviour he so gain'd on her heart ;
Being artless herself, she suspected no art.

He flatter'd, protested, he kneel'd and implor'd,
And would lie with the grandeur and air of a Lord.

Her

Her eyes he commended in language well drest,
 And enlarg'd on the torment he felt in his breast,
 With sighs, and with tears, he so soften'd her mind,
 That in downright compassion, to love she inclin'd.

No sooner he'd melted the ice in her breast,
 Than the heat of his passion that moment decreast.
 And now he goes flaunting all over the vale,
 And boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell.
 Though he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste ;
 And whene'er he speaks of her, he makes her his jest.

Take heed, pretty virgins of Britain's fair isle,
 How you venture your hearts for a look or a smile :
 For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Roger in every vale ;
 Who, to court you and tempt you, will try all his skill.
 But remember the lafs at the brow of the hill.

Tune, Sweet are the charms of her I love.

WHere-ever, Damon, thou shalt rove,
 O keep me ever in your mind ;
 If walking through some shady grove,
 Or on a sunny bank reclin'd,
 Still let my faithful image be
 Among the shades retir'd with thee.
Still let my faithful image be, &c.

Think when, beneath the spreading trees,
 You listen to the whisp'ring breeze,
 How with soft sighs my bosom heaves,
 When I lament my ruin'd peace ;
 Calm are my tears, as silent show'rs,
 Or dews that hang on painted flow'rs.

Or if you wander where some brook
 Does o'er the pebbles murm'ring flow,
 As on the flowing stream you look,
 Think how I weep, oppress'd with wo ;

And

And should the current want supplies,
I could recruit it from my eyes.

While, perch'd upon the pointed thorn,
The nightingale renews her strain,
Let it remind you how forlorn,
When you are absent, I complain;
Or should you hear the widow'd dove,
Think I, like her, lament my love.

When you behold the setting ray
Tremble beneath the western sky,
The solemn gloom of closing day
May represent me to your eye ;
For languid as departing light
Am I when absent from your sight.

Tune, *The banks of Forth.*

SAY, Chloe, by what powerful art
A glowing flame you do impart,
Through every breast, when 'tis well known
Snow is no colder than your own.

It gives th' admiring world surprise,
To find that love, which from those eyes
Wounds thousands with unerring dart,
Should prove a stranger to thy heart.

Through various climates I have rov'd,
And various beauties seen unmov'd ;
My heart reserv'd for thee alone,
I saw, I lov'd, and was undone.

But yet so pleasant was the pain,
With pride I hugg'd the fatal chain ;
Nor would I, though I could be free,
But live a captive still to thee.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin' there ;
 For Jock's to be married to Maggy,
 The las wi' the gowden hair ;
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
 And bannocks o' barley-meal ;
 And there will be good sawt herring,
 To relish a cogue of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawney the sutor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mow ;
 And there will be Tam the bluter,
 With Andrew the tinker, I trow ;
 And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
 With thumbless Katie's good man ;
 And there will be blue-cheeked Doble,
 And Laurie the laird o' the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
 That wins i' the how o' the hill ;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in wi' black Bessy did mool,
 Wi' snivelling Lilly, and Tibbie
 The las that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steenie,
 And cost him gray breeks to his arse,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warse ;
 And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
 And Kirsh with the lily-white leg,
 Wha ga'd to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.

And there will be Juden Maclawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,

Wi' flae-lugged tharny-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mow'd haluckit meg :
 And there will be happer-ars'd Nancy,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Maddie, and fat-hippit Grisy,
 The las wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
 Wi' his glakit wife Jenny Bell,
 And mittle-shinn'd Mungo Mackapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On sybows, and risarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
 Wi' fouth of good gabboks of skate,
 Powslowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate ;
 And there will be pirtans and buckies,
 And whytens and speldings enew,
 Wi' singit sheeps heads, and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

And there will be laper'd milk kebbucks,
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,
 Wi' swats and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps.
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 Wi' skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts, to roast on a brander,
 Of flowks that were taken alive.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulce and tangles,
 And a mill of good snishin to prie ;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
 Then fy let us a' to the bridal ;
 For there will be liting there ;

For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lafs wi' the gowden hair.

Tune, *Tarry woo*,

Celia's voice, Celia's voice,
Sweetly on our senses win;
Guard us Heaven! guard us Heaven!
Guard us Heaven ere she begin!
When the pretty warbler sings,
Heaven its store of pleasures brings;
Then, Oh! then is heard and seen
Music's goddess, beauty's queen.

Charming Celia's voice we sing,
Sweet as balmy gale of spring,
Scattering odour as it blows,
O'er the violet and the rose:
Harp, viol, lute in value fall,
Celia's voice excels them all;
Oblig'd are Ramsay's songs, I vow,
Celia, to your voice and you.

Oh! it is a pleasing trance,
And our hearts within us dance,
Tarry woo when Celia sings,
Then we're borne on pleasure's wings:
Charms around the finger throng,
Angels listen to the song;
Round her all the swains rejoice,
Nought so sweet as Celia's voice.

Happy is the rural swain,
Free from city, care, and pain;
He, with pleasure all the day,
Sees his tender lambkins play:
But ye gods, can any bliss,
Any pleasure equal his,

On whose ravish'd senses throng
Celia's beauties, and her song!

Though a simple shepherd I,
Mighty kings I don't envy;
I am happier than a king,
Whilst I hear my Celia sing.
But when Celia sings adieu,
In the song of *Tarry woo*,
Then am I a pensive swain,
Till the fair resume the strain.

Sing, my fairest, sing again,
Since your silence gives me pain;
And continue singing still,
Till I say I have my fill.
Warble, fairest, warble on,
Never let the song be done;
Still I find the pleasure new,
Never, never sing adieu.

Tune, Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes.

DEAR Jenny, your charms have undone me,
And robb'd me of freedom and joy;
I prithee, dear Jenny, smile on me,
For death is my fate if you're coy.
I prithee, dear charmer, be cautious;
Since death is so heinous, comply,
And torture me not with delaying,
Since ev'ry cross jade can deny.

Nay, angel, don't fancy that nature;
In forming you, took such delight,
To make you the fairest in feature,
For nought but to dazzle the sight.
Nay, *Jove*, when he gave you these graces,
Intended you solely for love,

And made thee the fairest of lasses,
The kindest of females to prove.

I prithee, dear Jenny, remember,
The rose that is blooming in May
Is faded and shrunk in September,
And thrown disregarded away.
'Tis so with the peevish young charmer,
That takes at her lover distaste,
And wishes till thirty does arm her,
And so dies a maid at the last.

Tune, To daunton me.

GRant me, ye gods who rule above,
Ye guardian powers of virtuous love,
In some retir'd and sweet retreat,
Far from th'ambitious and the great,
With sweet Melinda in my arms,
Possess'd of all her heav'nly charms,
To pass the fleeting hours of life,
Far from the noisy scenes of strife.

No anxious thoughts should then controul
The gentle calmness of my soul;
No cares deprive my mind of rest,
Nor tear Melinda from my breast.
Could I, thou creature all divine,
Could I but call Melinda mine,
Then happy, happy would I be,
Retir'd from all the world but thee.

When time's soft moments pass away,
And love employs each chearful day,
With just disdain I would look down
On all the splendor of a crown.
And when the fates should call me hence,
To purest climes remote from sense,

Content I'd bleſs the moments paſt,
And in thy arms breathe out my laſt.

Sylvia, wilt thou waſte thy prime,
A ſtranger to the joys of love?
Thou haſt youth, and that's the time,
Every moment to improve.
Round thee wilt thou never hear
Little wanton girls and boys,
Sweetly ſounding in thy ear,
Infant prate, and mother's joys?
Sweetly ſounding, &c.

Only view that little dove
Softly cooing to its mate;
As a farther proof of love,
See her for his kiſſes wait.
Hark! that charming nightingale,
As it flies from ſpray to ſpray,
Sweetly tunes an amorous tale,
I love, I love, it ſtrives to ſay.

Could I to thy ſoul reveal,
But at leaſt the thouſandth part,
Of thoſe pleaſures lovers feel
In a mutual change of heart,
Then repenting, wouldſt thou ſay,
Virgin-fears, from hence remove;
All the time is thrown away
That we cannot ſpend in love.

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at ſea indite;
But firſt would have you underſtand
How hard it is to write:

The muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.

Fa, la, la, &c.

For though the muses should prove kind,

And fill our empty brain;

Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,

To wave the azure main,

Our paper, pen, and ink, and we

Roul up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not ev'ry post,

Think not we are unkind.

Nor yet conclude our ships are lost

By Dutchmen, or by wind;

Our tears we'll send a speedier way,

The tide shall bring them twice a-day.

The King, with wonder and surprise,

Will swear the seas grow bold,

Because the tides will higher rise

Than e'er they did of old.

But let him know it is our fears

Brings floods of tears to Whitchall stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know

Our sad and dismal story,

The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,

And quit their fort at Gorée;

For what resistance can they find

From men who've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worst,

Be you to us but kind;

Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,

No sorrow we shall find;

'Tis then no matter how things go,

Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,

We throw a merry main;

Or

Or else at serious Ombre play.

But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our wo,
Sit careless at a play ;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote ;
Think then, how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we, for hopes of honour, lose
Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears :
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears ;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.

DORSET.

AS musing I rang'd in the meads all alone,
A beautiful creature was making her moan ;
Oh ! the tears they did trickle full fast from her eyes,
And she pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.
*Oh ! the tears they did trickle full fast from her eyes,
And she pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.*

I gently requested the cause of her moan ;
 She told me her sweet Senesino was flown,
 And in that sad posture she'd ever remain,
 Unless the dear charmer would come back again.

Why, who is this mortal so cruel, said I,
 That draws such a stream from so lovely an eye ?
 To beauty so blooming what man can be blind,
 To passion so tender what monster unkind !

'Tis neither for man nor for woman, said she,
 That thus in lamenting I water the lee ;
 My warbler celestial, sweet darling of fame,
 Is a shadow of something, a sex without name.

Perhaps 'tis some linnet, some blackbird, said I,
 Perhaps 'tis your lark that has soar'd to the sky ;
 Come, dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
 I'll bring you another to give you relief.

No linnet, no blackbird, nor sky-lark said she,
 But one much more tuneful by far than all three.
 My sweet Senesino for whom I thus cry,
 Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.

Adieu Farinello, Cuzzoni likewise,
 Whom stars and whom garters extol to the skies :
 Adieu to the op'ra, adieu to the ball,
 My darling is gone, and a fig for them all. CAREY.

Tune, I'll gar you be fain to follow me.

He. A Dieu for a while, my native green plains,
 My nearest relations, and neighbouring swains,
 Dear Nelly, frae these I'd start easily free,
 Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

She. Then tell me the reason thou does not obey
 The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away ;
 Alake ! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
 A lover sac roving will never mind me.

He.

- He.* The reason unhappy, is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an estate;
Which lays a necessity now upon me,
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.
- She.* Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,
Then, Johnny, be counsell'd nae langer to stray:
For while thou prov'lt constant in kindness to me,
Contented, I'll ay find a treasure in thee.
- He.* O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondness, which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.
- She.* Bear witness ye streams, and witness ye flow'rs,
Bear witness ye watchful invisible pow'rs;
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

Tune, Wo's my heart that we should sunder.

A Dieu, ye pleasant sports and plays,
Farewel each song that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I sing of Delia and Damon's parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleasant passion,
Till Delia's mildness had prevail'd
On him to shew his inclination.

Just as the fair-one seem'd to give
A patient ear to his love-story,
Damon must his Delia leave,
To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the usual meeting;
And sighs supply'd their wonted song,
These charming sounds were chang'd to weeping.

Dear

Dear idol of my soul, adieu :
 Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me.
 While Damon lives, he lives for you,
 No other charms shall ever move me.

Alas ! who knows, when parted far
 From Delia, but you may deceive her ?
 The thought destroys my heart with care ;
 Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
 May then my guardian-angel leave me :
 And, more to aggravate my woes,
 Be you so good as to forgive me.

W. HAMILTON.

J O C K Y.

When Jocky was blest'd with your love and your
 (truth,
 Not on Tweed's pleasant banks dwelt so blythsome a
 With Jenny I sported it all the day long, (youth.
 And her name was the burden and joy of my song.
And her name was the burden and joy of my song.

J E N N Y.

Ere Jocky had ceas'd all his kindness to me,
 There liv'd in a vale not so happy a she.
 Such pleasures with Jocky his Jenny had known,
 That the scorn'd in a cote the fine folks of the town.

J O C K Y.

Ah ! Jocky, what fear now possesses thy mind,
 That Jenny so constant to Willy's been kind !
 When dancing so gay with the nymphs on the plain,
 She yielded her hand and her heart to the swain.

J E N N Y.

You falsely upbraid,—but remember the day
 With Lucy you toy'd it beneath the new hay,

When,

When alone with your Lucy, the shepherds have said,
You forgot all the vows that to Jenny you made.

J O C K Y.

Believe not, sweet Jenny, my heart stray'd from thee,
Nor Lucy the wanton's a maid still for me:
From a lass that's so true your fond Jocky ne'er rov'd,
Nor once could forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

J E N N Y.

My heart for young Willy ne'er panted nor sigh'd;
For you of that heart was the joy and the pride.
While Tweed's waters glide, shall your Jenny be true,
Nor love, my dear Jocky, a shepherd like you.

J O C K Y.

No shepherd e'er met with so faithful a fair;
For kindness no youth can with jocky compare.
We'll love then, and live from fierce jealousy free,
And none on the plain shall be happy as we.

Tune, *My Nannyo.*

STrephon, how could you cruel prove,
To slight me when you see I love?
What madness has possess'd your mind?
Must you be false, 'cause I am kind?
The love so eagerly you sought,
I gave you sooner than I ought,
And now I'm banish'd from your breast,
Because I granted your request.

Had I unkind and cruel prov'd,
False man, I had been still belov'd:
While I was cold, your breast was fir'd;
When my flame kindled, your's expir'd.
May the next woman you address,
Torment you more, and love you less;
Then, like a spaniel, you will prove;
The worse you're us'd, the more you'll love.

O

AS

ASwalking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scents did clear my brain,
 From flow'rs that grow so rarely ;
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid ;
 She shin'd though it was fogie.
 I ask'd her name. Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In a country maid so neatly ;
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lily in a bogie,
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee.
 Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee.
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Far excels any clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
 My charming Katharine Ogie.

O ! Were I but some shepherd-swain,
 To feed my flock beside thee ;
 At boughting-time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee.
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th'imperial throne,
 And statesmens dang'rous stations ;
 I'd be no King, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations ;

Might I caress, and still possess,
 This lass of whom I'm vogue :
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature :
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie.
 Pity my case, ye powers above,
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

IN a small pleasant village, by nature compleat,
 Of a few honest shepherds the quiet retreat,
 There liv'd a young lass, of so lovely a mien,
 Such seldom at balls or at courts can be seen.
 The sweet damask-rose was full blown on her cheek,
 The lily display'd all its white on her neck:
 The lads of the village all strove to prevail,
 And call'd her in raptures, *Sweet Nan of the vale.*

Young Hodge spoke his passion, till quite out of breath,
 Crying wounds, he could hug her and kiss her to death ;
 And Dick with her beauty was so much possess'd,
 That he lothed his food, and abandon'd his rest.
 But she could find nothing in them to endear,
 So sent them away with a flea in their ear ;
 And said, no such boobies could tell a love-tale,
 Or bring to compliance sweet Nan of the vale.

Till young Roger, the smartest of all the gay green,
 Who lately to London on a frolic had been,
 Came home much improv'd in his air and address,
 And boldly attack'd her, not fearing success.
 He said, Heav'n form'd such ripe lips to be kiss'd ;
 And press'd her so closely, she could not resist ;

And shew'd the dull clowns the right way to assail,
And brought to his wilhes sweet Nan of the vale.

Near the smooth Liffy's silver streams,
Begloom'd from 'Phebus' orient beams,
In a rock's deep recess,
A grott by nature's hands is made,
Screen'd by the poplar's ample shade,
From public sight's access.

Fair Flavia sought this sad retreat,
'There to complain of man's deceit,
And feed her own despair.
By woes oppress'd, there sat alone,
By love and melancholy grown
Regardless of all fear.

The hollow rock where she reclin'd,
She thought resembled Damon's mind ;
His dark designs, the shade ;
The smooth fair stream, his lovely face ;
Its sound, the tongue's bewitching grace,
That won, and that betray'd.

Thus many tedious nights she pass'd,
Imploring each might be her last ;
Till love in pity sent,
One ev'ning as he careless stray'd,
Damon to hear the mournful maid
Her melting sorrows vent.

Soon as he saw who made the plaint,
What heart so hard but must relent,
And dry such pearly tears !
Prostrate, the injur'd nymph he pray'd
Forgiveness, that he e'er betray'd
Her love to jealous fears.

Surprise

Surprise a while made Flavia mute ;
 But pow'rful love soon gain'd the suit,
 And Hymen crown'd their joys.
 Her doubts remov'd, his truth she owns ;
 And now, instead of midnight-moans,
 She sings to Damon's boys.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask-rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
 Gentle as wind when Zephyr blows ;
 Refreshing as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.
Refreshing, &c.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun ;
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon :
 From ev'ry other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues ;
 Sweet Philomel in shady bow'rs
 Of verdant spring, her note renews :
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise ;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th'approach of autumn flies.
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;

And marble tow'rs, and walls of brass,
 In his rude march he levels low:
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart,
 The gentle godhead can remove;
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the blest above:
 Where, known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
 Twin-born from heaven together came:
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name:
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
 When time and death shall be no more.

BOOTH.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her.
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;

If

If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender ;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Tune, Polwarth on the green.

THough beauty, like the rose
 That smiles on Polwarth green,
 In various colours shows,
 As 'tis by fancy seen ;
 Yet all its different glories lie
 United in thy face ;
 And virtue, like the sun on high,
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
 So smooth, so calm her mind,
 That to some angel's care
 Each motion seems assign'd :
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they stole the ray
 She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
 With tuneful voice she sings,

Perfume

Perfume her breath, and smile,
 And wave your balmy wings :
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The soul in blissful ecstasies
 Dissolveith in the charm.

WHY seeks my love the garden's bloom,
 To deck her snowy breast and hair ?
 Would she all beauties overcome,
 And make them die because less fair ?
 No more the rose a blush shall boast,
 Though in the dewy morning spread ;
 Where her cheeks bloom, its lustre's lost,
 And fading looks the wonted red.

The tulip, gay with various dyes,
 Stole from the tints of Iris' bow,
 Has not such charms to please the eyes,
 As can my lovely Sally show.
 Her lips outvy the richest clove,
 Her teeth the dew on lilies clear ;
 Faint to the veins, in her I love,
 Do the blue violets appear.

When the soft ev'ning's breezy gale
 Visits the orient spicy shore,
 Not half the perfumes does exhale,
 As her sweet breath whom I adore.
 Now these fair flow'rs their sweet resign,
 In Sally's breast, that pleasing fair ;
 Then, as their fate resembles mine,
 Let me, like them, be bury'd there.

THE blushing bloom of virgin-cheek,
 That rivals ev'n the rose in May,
 Who would preserve, no farther seek,
 But list to us, we'll point the way.

Soon

Soon as the lark begins her song,
 Forsake the spot of busy care ;
 Trip ye the flow'ry meads along,
 And deign our harmless sports to share.

Releas'd from hurry, noise, and smoke,
 From routs and drums, and masquerades ;
 Releas'd from fops insipid joke,
 Away and taste the bliss of shades.
 From verdant tufts the vi'lets spring,
 The dazies ting'd with modest red ;
 Hark how the thrush and blackbird sing,
 And frisking lambs around ye feed.

All underneath some thickning tree,
 We shelter from the sultry heat ;
 We read or chat with chearful glee,
 And spread our clean, though homely meat.
 The friendly brook that runs hard by,
 Supplies us with its liquor clear.
 Unenvy'd great ! your toils lay by,
 And taste our rural pleasures here.

A Mphitryon and his bride, a godlike pair,
 He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair,
 On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
 With matchless splendor crown'd the nuptial feast.
 The vaulted roof with loud applauses rung,
 While thus the love-instructed hero sung.

Was Jove himself descending
 In all his wrath divine,
 Enrag'd at my pretending
 To call such beauty mine :
 His shafis of bolted thunder
 With boldness I'd deride :
 Not Heav'n itself can sunder
 The bands which love has ty'd.

The

The Thund'rer heard, and look'd indignant down,
 Till beauty's glance disarm'd his gather'd frown :
 The magic impulse of Alemena's eyes
 Compelled the god to quit his native skies ;
 He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,
 And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

He's the most unwise of lovers,
 When his pressive vows prevail,
 If his wanton tongue discovers
 Graces which he should conceal.
 He deserves the highest pleasure,
 Who reveals it not when won.
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
 He that boasts, is sure undone.

AH whither, my Clio ! ah whither hast fled ?
 What grove dost thou visit, what vale dost thou
 (tread ?
 Ah ! return ; no more from your fond poet stray.
 My lyre is quite tuneless, my lyre is quite tuneless,
 (when Clio's away.

While Clio was with me, through deserts by night
 Undaunted I'd rove, with romantic delight :
 But the city's a wild now, and cheerless the day ;
 All pleasure forsakes me when Clio's away.

Once music could charm me, and converse could please ;
 Now sounds lose their force, and discourse does but
 (tease.
 'Twas she swell'd the note, and made company gay ;
 No joy can I relish when Clio's away.

How enraptur'd I us'd to my Clio rehearse
 Anacreon's sweet sonnet, or great Homer's verse !
 But neither to me now is sublime or gay ;
 All Parnassus is gloomy when Clio's away.

'Tis

'Tis she alone sparkles delight in the glass,
 And sweetens the minutes of life as they pass ;
 'Tis she points my satyr, and smoothes my fond lay ;
 To me nature's lifeless when Clio's away.

Ah Clio, return ; for if truth or if love
 Can force a request, surely mine then must move :
 You'll find none so faithful where-ever you stray ;
 Then why from her poet is Clio away ?

NO more my heart shall loosely rove
 in search of novel charms :
 My fancy's fix'd, resistless love
 My glowing bosom warms.
 A blushing cheek, a lip and eye,
 A shape, an air, a voice,
 Oft rais'd a wish or forc'd a sigh,
 But ne'er could fix my choice.
 For soon I shook off beauty's chains,
 Impatient of controul,
 The object chang'd, no trace remains
 Imprinted on the soul.
 The charms that gild a lovely mind,
 Can conquer that alone :
 My fancy's fix'd, convinc'd I find
 Variety in one.

'TIS a task too hard to answer,
 On my soul I cannot fix,
 Perfect features, glowing creatures,
 Loveliest of the charming sex.
Loveliest, &c.

See the soft and curling ringlets
 On their lovely breasts and necks ;
 May they be from pride as free,
 As those pretty hills from specks.

See

See those eyes how black and piercing,
 Shapes that measure scarce a span,
 Bosoms panting, nothing wanting
 To complete the fall of man.

Why then dost thou idly ask me,
 Which my tow'ring soul would reach ?
 If I could, with both I would ;
 Death attends the steps of each.

HAppy pair, who taste love's blessing,
 Sweet delights their hours employ ;
 Giving still, yet still possessing ;
 While bestowing, sharing, joy.
 If misfortunes e'er should grieve them,
 Both support the light'ned weight.
 Double strength and skill relieve them
 From distress, for one too great.
From distress, for one too great.

Male and female were by nature
 In one only mass combin'd ;
 Halves of a divided creature
 Must uneasy be till join'd.
 But what raptures, when united,
 Thrill through the cemented parts !
 Both delighted and delighting,
 Pleasures interchange with hearts.

Int'rest all in common blending,
 Ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry pain ;
 Ev'ry wish by nature tending
 Mutual happiness to gain.
 Thus indulgent Heav'n designing,
 Mortals heav'nly joys should prove,
 Two fond hearts in one combining,
 Bid them taste its joys in love.

HArken, and I will tell you how
 Young mairland Willie came to woo,
 Though he could neither say nor do,
 The truth I tell to you.

But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
 Maggy I'll ha'e to be my bride.
With a fal dal, &c.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon mair,
 Till he came to her dady's door.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your doghter's love to win,
 I care na for making meikle din ;

What answer gi'e ye me ?

Now, wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,
 I'll gi'e ye my doghter's love to win.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what town ?
 I think my doghter winna gloom

On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he slept up the house,
 And wow but he was wondrous croust.

I have three owfen in a plough,
 Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough ;
 The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh* :

I scorn to tell a lie.

Besides, I ha'e frae the great Laird,
 A peat-pat, and a lang-kail-yard.

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town ;
 I wat on him she did not gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here;
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear;
And for mysell you need na fear,

Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his bannet, and spat out his chew,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd hir mou'.

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' la';
She had na will to say him na,
But to her dady she left it a',

As they twa cou'd agree.

The lover he ga'e her the tither kifs;
Synne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this.

Your doghter wad na say me na,
As to yoursell she has left it a',
As we could gree between us twa,

Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her ?

Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikie,
But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle.

A kilnsu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three founs of sheep, twa good milk ky;
Ye's hae the wedding-dinner free :

Troth I dow do na mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't ;
I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do'a.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass.
But sicken a day there never was,

Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
Mefs John ty'd up the marriage-hands.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,

Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.
 Their toys and muches were fae clean,
 They glanced in our lads' een.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;
 The minstrels they did never blin,
 W' meikle mirth and glee.
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their wames together met.

Tune, Gently touch the warbling lyre.

TO be gazing on those charms,
 To be folded in those arms,
 To unite my lips to those,
 Whence eternal sweetness flows ;
 To be lov'd by one so fair,
 Is to be blest'd beyond compare !

On that bosom to recline,
 While that hand is lock'd in mine ;
 In those eyes myself to view,
 Gazing still, and still on you ;
 To be lov'd by one so fair,
 Is to be blest'd beyond compare !

H. CAREY.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny Scotsman.
 In haly bands we join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate a large estate,
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I'll loor chuse, in highland glens,
 To herd the kid and goat, man,
 Ere I would, for sic little ends,
 Refuse my bonny Scotsman.

Wae worth the man wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views love's art to use,
 While stranger to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.

Love gi'es the word, then haste on board,
 Fair winds and tenty boat-man.
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, frae yonder shore,
 My brave, my bonny Scotsman.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me ;
 Ye powers, what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me !
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chasteely sporting ;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me ;

Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me:
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter:
 Since she excells in every grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me.
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being doth remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE lass of Paty's mill,
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her cen.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.

Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I with'd her for my bride.

Oh ! had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Paty's mill,
 Should share the same with me.

Tune, Bonny Jean.

Love's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let thy shafts at random rove,
 For Jeanny's haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy, with divine art,
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses Willy's kind address ;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.

No more the youth is fullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports croud his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind ;
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind.
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious fields of war look mean,
 The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems ;
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's prize, the Spartan Queen.
 With breaking day he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.

M I T H E R.

A Uld Rob Morris, that wins in yon glen, (men ;
 He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
 Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too ;
 And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

D O U G H T E R.

Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
 For his eild, and my eild, can never agree ;
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen ;
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

M. Had your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride ;
 For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride ;
 He shall ly by your side, and kiss ye too :
 And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

D.

D. Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou well,
 His a—— it sticks out like ony peat-creel;
 He's out-shinn'd and inn-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too:
 And auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

M. Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
 Yet his auld brags it will buy a new pan;
 Then, doughter, ye should na be sae ill to shoe;
 For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

D. But auld Rob Morris I never will ha'e,
 His back is sae stiff, and his baird is grown gray:
 I had titter die than live wi' him a year;
 Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

Tune, Auld lang syne.

When flow'ry meadows deck'd the year,
 And sporting lambkins play;
 When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,
 And music wak'd the day;
 Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,
 To hear my am'rous lay;
 Warm'd by my love, she vow'd no pow'r
 Should lead her heart astray.

The warbling choirs from ev'ry bough
 Surround our couch in throngs,
 And all their tuneful art bestow,
 To give us change of songs.
 Scenes of delight my soul possess;
 I blest'd, then hugg'd my maid;
 I robb'd the kisses from her breast,
 Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

But joy transporting never fails
 To fly away as air;
 Another swain with her prevails
 To be as false as fair.

What

What can my fatal passion cure ?

I'll never woo again :

All her disdain I must endure,

Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy

Thus sighing with his pain !

But time and scorn may give him joy,

To hear her sigh again.

Ah ! fickle Chloë, be advis'd,

Do not thyself beguile ;

A faithful lover should be priz'd,

Then cure him with a smile.

Tune, Bless'd as th' immortal gods.

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow !

That beauteous heav'n ere while serene ?

Whence do these storms of tempests flow ?

Or what this gust of passion mean ?

And must then mankind lose that light,

Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,

And lie obscur'd in endless night,

For each poor silly speech of mine ?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,

Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,

That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,

Thy beauty can make large amends ?

Or if I durst profanely try

Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,

Thy virtue well might give the lie,

Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, ev'ry heart t'insnare,

With all her charms has deck'd thy face ;

And Pallas, with unusual care,

Bids wisdom heighten every grace.

Who

Who can the double pain endure ?
 Or who but must resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield ?

If then to thee such pow'r is giv'n,
 Let not a wretch in torment live ;
 But smile, and learn to copy heav'n,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
 Forgive th'offender and th'offence,
 But ev'n itself, appeas'd, bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.

Tune, Carl and the King come.

WHEN we meet again, Phely,
 When we meet again, Phely,
 Raptures will reward our pain,
 And loss result in gain, Phely.
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Long the sport of fortune driv'n,
 To despair our thoughts were giv'n ;
 Our thoughts will all be ev'n, Phely,
 When we meet again, Phely.

Now in dreary distant groves,
 Though we moan like turtle-doves,
 Suffering best our virtue proves,
 And will enhance our loves, Phely.

Joy will come in a surprise,
 Till that happy hour arise ;
 Temper well your love-sick sighs,
 For hope becomes the wise, Phely.



J. MITCHELL.

Tune,

Tune, *Had awa' fra' me, Donald.*

He. O Come awa', come awa',
 Come awa' wi me, Jenny;
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane,
 Whase smiles ance ravished me, Jenny.
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That ought shall alter me, Jenny;
 For you're the mistress of my mind,
 Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.
 First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, Jenny;
 But now, alas! you act a part
 That speaks inconstancy, Jenny.
 Inconstancy is sic a vice,
 'Tis not besitting thee, Jenny;
 It suits not with your virtue nice
 To carry sae to me, Jenny.

She. O had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald.
 Some fickle mistress you may find,
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.
 But I've a heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald;
 I'll never lo'e mony, I'll lo'e much,
 I hate all levity, Donald.
 Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
 For words of falsehood ill defend
 A roving love like thine, Donald.
 First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;

Apparent

Apparent worth, and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald;
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
 But now, the mask fall'n off, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald!
 For I'll reserve myself for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er lo'e man, nor thee, Donald.

He. Then I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tald a lie, Jenny;
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,
 The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

She. When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come awa' wi' me, Donald;
 I'm well content ne'er to repent,
 That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my jo?
 My mistress in her tartan screen,
 Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wish'd a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
 Let's take a walk up to the hill.

O Katie, wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dunsome town a while;
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the summer's gawn to smile:

The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleating lambs and whistling hynd,
 In ilka dale, green shaw and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad yer mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends his morning-draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flow'rs to bask your brow.
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog :
 Between-hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, fast, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r :
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the caller shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

MY mither's ay glowrin o'er me,
 Tho' she did the same before me :
 I canna get leave to look to my love,
 Or else she is like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak your offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher ;
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret, and wite yer poor Kate,
 When ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer to twin wi' his gear ;
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion ;

Brag well o' yer land, and there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing, and I'm not very auld;
Yet well I like to meet her at the waking o' the fauld.
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
When'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly, to a' the leave I'am cald;
But she gars a' my spirits glow at waking o' the fauld.
My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown. (bauld :
My Peggy smiles fae kindly, it makes me blythe and
And naithing gi'es me sic delight as waking o' the fauld.
My Peggy sings fae sweetly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest, it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best.
My Peggy sings fae sweetly, and, in her sangs, is tald
With innocence the wale of sense, at waking o' the
(fauld.

NAncy's to the green wood gane,
To hear the gowdspinks chatt'ring,
And Willy he has follow'd her;
To gain her love by flatt'ring :

But

But a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minny, or my anty?
 With crowdy-mouddy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and ranty-tanty;
 With binnocks of good barley-meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped stocks butter'd fou' well;
 And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha' house and a pantry;
 A good blew bonnet on his head,
 An owrlay 'bout his cragy;
 And ay, until the day he dy'd,
 He rade on good thanks nagy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nancy?
 Wad ye compare yoursel to me,
 A docken till a tanfy?
 I hae a wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,
 And well I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nancy, what needs a' this din?

Do I not ken this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy:
 His minny Meg upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy:
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me, your winsome Willy?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet, ye may take it on my word,
 It is baith stont and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my logs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout,
 I ken he disna fear ye:
 Sae had your tongue, and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy;
 For, as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nancy.

Tune, The kirk wad let me be.

'TIS I have seven braw new gowns,
 And seven better to mak;
 And yet for a' my new gowns,
 My woo'r has turn'd his back.
 Besides, I have seven milk-ky,
 And Sandy has but three;
 And yet for a' my good ky,
 The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dady's a delver of dykes,
 My mither can card and spin,
 And I am a fine sodgel las,
 And the siller comes linkin in;
 The siller comes linkin in,
 And it is fou fair to see,
 And fifty times wow! O wow!
 What ails the lads at me?

Whenever

Whenever our Baty does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will light and venture in :
 But never a ane comes in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by ;
 Syne far ben the house I rin,
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first pray'rs,
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,
 I with'd for a handsome young lad,
 And a lad wi' muckle gear.
 When I was at my niest pray'rs,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fath'd na my head about gear,
 If I gat a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,
 I pray baith night and day,
 And O if a beggar wad come,
 With that same beggar I'd gae.
 And O, and what'll come o' me !
 And O, and what'll I do !
 That sic a braw lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a wooer, I trow !

Tune, Dainty Davy.

WHILE fops, in fast Italian verse,
 Lik fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
 While sangs abound and sense is scarce,
 These lines I have indited :
 But neither darts nor arrows here,
 Venus nor Cupid shall appear ;
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear
 The maidens are delited.

*I was ay telling you,
 Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy,
 Auld springs wad ding the new,
 But ye wad never trow me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks,
 And syne the' unmeaning name prefix,
 Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.

I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
 My height of ecstacy to prove,
 Nor sighing—thus—present my love
 With roses eek and lilies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay—I had amaisht forgot
 My mistress, and my sang to boot,
 And that's an unco' fault I wot ;

But, Nanfy, 'tis nae matter.
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
 And, ken ye, that atones the crime ;
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,
 And slide away like water.

Now ken, my rev'rend sonfy fair,
 Thy runkl'd cheeks and lyart hair,
 Thy half-shut een and hoddling air,
 Are a' my passion's fuel.

Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
 Or love, or grace, or heav'n in thee ;
 Yet thou hast charms enew for me :
 Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leez me on thy snawy pow,
 Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy ;
 Driest wood will eitheft low,
 And, Nancy, sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;
 Hear then my charitable vow,
 Dear venerable Nancy.

But if the world my passion wrang,
 And say ye only live in sang,
 Ken I despise a stand'ring tongue,
 And sing to please my fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

Tune, The highland laddie.

He. **N**OW all thy virgin-sweets are mine,
 And all the shining charms that grace thee;
 My fair Melinda, come recline
 Upon my breast, while I embrace thee,
 And tell, without dissembling art,
 My happy raptures on thy bosom:
 Thus will I plant within thy heart,
 A love that shall for ever blossom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
 Sure the gods well-pleas'd behold ye;
 Their work admire, so great, so fair,
 And will in all your joys uphold ye.

She. No more I blush, now that I'm thine,
 To own my love in transport tender;
 Since that so brave a man is mine,
 To my Brigantius I surrender.
 By sacred ties I'm now to move,
 As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
 And while my smiles engage thy love,
 Thy manly greatness shall protect me.
 O the happy, &c.

He. Soft fall thy words, like morning-dew,
 New life on blowing flow'rs bestowing;
 Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
 To Heav'n, with spirit grateful glowing.
 My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
 Thou dear delight, my chiefest treasure,

Shall

Shall be employ'd as thou think'st fit,
As agents for our love and pleasure.

She. With my Brigantius I could live
In lonely cote, beside a mountain,
And nature's easy wants relieve
With shepherds fare, and quaff the fountain.
What pleases thee, the rural grove,
Or congress of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
In plains retir'd or social city.

He. How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
O lovely sum of my desires!
Thy beauties all my cares controul,
Thy virtue all that's good inspires.
Tune ev'ry instrument of sound,
Which all the mind divinely raises,
Till every height and dale rebounds,
Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.

She. Thy love gives me the brightest shine,
My happiness is now completed,
Since all that's gen'rous, great, and fine,
In my Brigantius is united:
For which I'll study thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling,
And round the change of day and night,
Fix throughout life a constant smiling.

CHOR. O the happy, &c.

Tarry woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is hastens done;

But when woven, drest, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow.
Hart and hind, and fallow deer,
Not be haff so useful are ;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too ;
Harmless creatures without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and parten fou ;
Leez me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life !
Far frae courts, and free frae strife ;
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae :
No such music to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear ;
Sturdy kent, and colly true,
Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none ;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holy-days.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd lives fae well ;
Lives fae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo ?

THE

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
And mony braw things the widow can do ;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kifs her and clap her ye manna' be blate ;
Speak well and do better, for that's the best gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthful, and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good skair
Of ilka thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.

What could you with better your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest toast of the town,
With naithing, but draw in your stool and sit down,
And sport with the widow, my laddie ?

Then till 'er, and kill 'er with courtesy dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead,
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while het, if ye'd have it to wald ;
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thouless and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

Tune, Nanny-9.

AH! woes me, poor Willy cry'd,
See how I'm wasted to a span :
My heart I lost, when first I spy'd
The charming, lovely milk-maid Nan.
I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze
Of dusty Roger's winnowing fan
Would blow me o'er yon beachy trees,
And all for thee, my smirky Nan.

The

The ale-wife misses me of late,
 I us'd to take a hearty can;
 But I can neither drink nor eat,
 Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.

The baker makes the best of bread,
 The flour he takes, and leaves the bran;
 The bran is ev'ry other maid,
 Compar'd with thee, my smirky Nan.

But Dick of th' green, that ugly lown,
 Last Sunday to my mistress ran,
 He snatch'd a kiss, I knock'd him down,
 Which hugely pleas'd my smirky Nan.

But, hark! the roaring foger comes,
 And rattles Tantara Taran,
 She leaves her cows for noisy drums;
 Woes me, I've lost my smirky Nan.

Tune, Abbot of Canterbury.

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the
 The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave, (Greve,
 Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
 To ease heroes pains by a halter or gibbet.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
 And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
 There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
 Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes no
 (more cross'd.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
 (known,

And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own.
 But my hearers cry out, What a duce dost thou ail?
 Put off thy reflections, and give us the tale.

'Twas there then in civil respect to harsh laws,
 And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,

A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear ;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier ?

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show shou'd begin ;
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

What frightens you thus, my good son, says the priest ?
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.
O father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Pough ! prythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies,
Rely on the aid ye shall have from St Francis ;
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die, let the church do the rest.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid ?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade.
Courage, friend ; to-day is your period of sorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

To-morrow ! our hero reply'd in a fright,
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup. (up,

Alas ! quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat :
I shou'd therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Wou'd you be so kind as to go in my place.

That I wou'd, quoth the father, and thank you to boot,
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit :
The feast I propos'd to you I cannot taste,
For this night by our order is mark'd for a fast.

Then, turning about to the hangman he said,
Dispatch me, I prythee, this troublesome blade :
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die. PRIOR.

Wast

WAsT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
 To Windsor's shady, kind retreat,
 Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
 Repel the raging dog-star's heat.

Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
 Afford a rural calm repose;
 Where Woodbines hang their dewy heads;
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays;
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And thro' the flow'ry meadows strays.

His fertile banks, with herbage green,
 His vales with smiling plenty swell;
 Where-e'er his purer stream is seen,
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
 With naked arm, once more divide;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently rolling tide.

Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
 Beneath some osier's dusky shade,
 Where water-lilies paint the ground,
 And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
 With azure mantle lightly drest;
 Ye nymphs, bind up her silken hair;
 Ye zephyrs, fan her panting breast.

O haste away, fair maid, and bring
 The muse, the kindly friend to love;
 To thee alone the muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal grove.

Dr CROXAL.

R

Tunc;

Tune, Children in the wood.

MY passion is as mustard strong,
 I sit all sober sad;
 Drunk as a piper all day long,
 Or, like a March hare, mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
 I drink, yet can't forget her;
 For, though as drunk as David Sow,
 I love her still the better.

Pert as a pearmonger I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind;
 Cool as a cucumber, would see
 The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er;
 Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
 Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge I was known,
 And soft as silk my skin;
 My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
 But as a groat now thin.

I, melancholy as a cat,
 Am kept awake to weep;
 But she, insensible of that,
 Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,
 She laughs to see me pale;
 And merry as a grig is grown,
 And brisk as bottl'd ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
 Is busy as a bee;
 Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
 Are split, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,
 The fine men croud about her;
 But soon as dead as a door-nail
 Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her shape appears;
 O! were we join'd together,
 My heart would soon be free from cares,
 And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five pence is her mien,
 No drum was ever tighter;
 Her glance is as a razor keen,
 And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
 Methinks I feel them yet;
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes are black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites;
 Sharp as a needle are her words,
 Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-loose she trips,
 Clean as a penny drest,
 Sweet as a rose her face and lips,
 Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
 And happy as a king;
 Good lack! how all men envy'd me!
 She lov'd like any thing.

But, false as hell, she, like the wind,
 Chang'd, as her sex must do,
 Though seeming as the turtle kind,
 And as the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who will take Peru;

Great as an emp'rour I should be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burs together stick,
As warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And with me better speed,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I'm as rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

SEE, from the silent grove Alexis flies,
And seeks, with ev'ry pleasing art,
To ease the pain which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.

To shining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs, (pray'rs.
While thus to music's pow'r the swain address'd his

Charming sounds, that sweetly languish,
Music, Oh, compose my anguish!

Ev'ry passion yields to thee:
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me;
Cupid shall no more deceive me,
I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

Apollo heard the foolish swain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak t' assuage an am'rous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain.
Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
Preluding to his voice, and sings.

Sounds,

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;

Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee;

Music is the voice of love.

If the tender maid believe thee,

Soft relenting,

Kind consenting,

Will alone thy pain remove.

J. HUGHES.

Come follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come follow Mab your queen.
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs,
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household-maid,
And surely she is paid;
Every night, before we go,
We drop a tesser in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread:

A grain of rye or wheat,
 The diet that we eat ;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,
 In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
 With unctuous fat of snails,
 Between two cockles stew'd,
 Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd;
 And brains of worms, and marrow of mice,
 Do make a feast that's wond'rous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serve for our minstrelsy ;
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so the time beguile :
 But if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed:

O'er tops of dewy grafs,
 So nimbly we do pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk ;
 Yet in the morning may be seen,
 Where we the night before have been.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
 Deceiv'd by thews and forms ?
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
 Vile reptile, weak, and vain !
 A while he crawls upon the earth,
 Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
 E'er since our grand-dame's evil ;
 She first convers'd with her own kind,
 That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,

The blockhead is a flow-worm ;

The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,

Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butter-flies,

That flutter for a day ;

First from a worm they take their rise,

Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows :

Some worms suit all conditions ;

Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,

And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen,

By all their winding play ;

Their conscience is a worm within,

That gnaws them night and day.

Ah ! Moore, thy skill were well employ'd,

And greater gain would rise,

If thou couldst make the courtier void

The worm that never dies.

Ah ! learned friend of Abchurch-lane,

Who sett'st our intrails free,

Vain is thy art, thy powders vain,

Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn.

Some few short years, no more :

Ev'n Batten's wits to worms shall turn,

Who maggots were before.

A. POPE.

Says my uncle, I pray now discover

What has been the cause of your woes,

That you pine and you whine like a lover ?

I've seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

© nephew, your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better progg ;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mogg.

The school-boy's delight is a play-day,
The school-master's joy is to flogg,
A fop's the delight of a lady ;
But mine is in sweet Molly Mogg.

Will-o'-wisp leads the trav'ler a-gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog ;
But no light can e'er set me a-madning,
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mogg.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gamesters will paum and will cog ;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I paum my sweet Molly Mogg.

The heart that's half wounded is ranging,
It here and there leaps like a frog ;
But my heart can never be changing,
'Tis so fix'd on my sweet Molly Mogg.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women, at best, are a clogg ;
But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving my sweet Molly Mogg.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid, and gives me a jog,
And I fill all my paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mogg.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses are lost in a fog,
And in nothing can find satisfaction,
But in thoughts of my sweet Mogg.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I with I were hang'd like a dog,

And

And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance at my sweet Molly Mog.

For these faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
Unite in my sweet Molly Mogg.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give for my sweet Molly Mogg.

When Molly comes up with the liquor,
Then jealousy sets me a-gog;
To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mogg.

Y^oung I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, or how to gain;
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lie, and to betray:
He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love, and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a jaunty mien,
I shou'd long to be fifteen.

J. DRYDEN.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
 You with fair winds may waft him over;
 Alas! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love?
 Alas! what dangers on the main,
 Can equal those that I sustain,
 From slighted vows, and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity chuse
 To with the wildest tempest loose,
 That, thrown again upon the coast,
 Where first my ship-wreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain,
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

M. PRIOR.

Tune, Gently touch the warbling lyre.

O Venus! beauty of the skies,
 To whom a thousand temples rise;
 Gayly false in gentle smiles,
 Full of love-perplexing wiles;
 O goddess! from my heart remove
 The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
 A song in soft distress preferr'd,
 Propitious to my tuneful vow,
 O gentle goddess! hear me now.
 Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
 In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
 And all the golden roofs above:
 The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
 Hov'ring in air, they lightly flew;
 As to my bow'r they wing'd their way,
 I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The

The birds dismiss, while you remain,
 Bore back their empty car again.
 Then you, with looks divinely mild,
 In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
 And ask'd what new complaints I made,
 And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd?
 And by what cure to be asswag'd?
 What gentle youth I wou'd allure?
 Whom in my artful toils secure?
 Who does thy tender heart subdue,
 Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
 He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
 Tho' now thy off'rings he despise,
 He soon to thee shall sacrifice,
 Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
 And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant! once more
 Thy needful presence I implore;
 In pity come, and ease my grief,
 Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
 Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
 And give me all my heart desires.

Tune, *Broom of Cowdenknows.*

THUS Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd.
 Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd;

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd,
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

Shap

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd,
 With Abigails forsaken?
 Kitty's for other things design'd,
 Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?
 What hidden charms to boast?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast.

Dearest mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try;
 I'll have my Earl, as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
 Make all her lovers fall:
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
 She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way;
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

M. PRIOR.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare;
 But, for love's sake, let it suffice,
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor farther urge your sway:
 Press not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.

But,

But, could your arts successful prove,
 Wou'd you a maid undo,
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you?

Say, wou'd you use that very pow'r,
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin, in one fatal hour,
 A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may;
 But rather try your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard;
 Defend, and not pursue;
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
 To combat love and you.

WHite as her hand, fair Julia threw
 A ball of silver snow;
 The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
 My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whose great command
 Can thus a snow-ball arm;
 When sent, fair Julia, from thy hand,
 Ev'n ice itself can warm.

How shou'd we then secure our hearts?
 Love's pow'r we all must feel;
 Who thus can, by strange magic arts,
 In ice his flame conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,
 Can quench my fierce desire;
 But not with water, ice, nor snow,
 But with an equal fire.

What though I am a country-lafs,
 A lofty mind I bear-a,
 And think myself as good as those
 Who gay apparel wear-a.

What though my cloaths be home-spun gray,
 My skin it is as soft-a,
 As those that, in their Cyprus veils,
 Carry their heads aloft-a.

What though I keep my father's sheep,
 It is what must be done-a :
 A garland of the sweetest flow'rs
 Shall shade me from the sun-a.

And when I see they feeding be
 Where grafs and flow'rs do spring-a,
 Beside a purling crystal stream
 I'll set me down and sing-a.

My country-curds, and wooden spoon,
 Methinks are very fine-a,
 When, on a shady bank at noon,
 I set me down and dine-a.

My leathern bottle, stuff'd with sage,
 Is drink that's very thin-a ;
 No wind did e'er my brain enrage,
 Or tempt me for to sin-a.

What tho' my portion won't allow
 Of bags of shining gold-a ;
 A farmer's daughter now-a-days
 Like swine is bought and sold-a.

My body's fair, I'll keep it sound,
 And an honest mind within-a ;
 And for an hundred thousand pound
 I value 't not a pin-a.

No jewels wear I in my ears,
 Nor pearls about my neck-a ;

No costly rings do I e'er use,
My fingers for to deck-a.

But for the man, whoe'er he be,
Whom I shall chance to wed-a,
I'll keep a jewel worth them all,
I mean my maidenhead-a.

KInd Ariadne, drown'd in tears,
Upbraids the faithless Grecian chief,
Till Bacchus, jolly god, appears,
And heals her woe, and lulls her grief.

The moral of this tale implies,
When woman yields her virgin-store,
Away the fated lover flies,
New mines of pleasure to explore.

A while she tries each female snare,
The loud reproach, the sullen grief;
But, tir'd at length with fruitless care,
Flies to the bottle for relief.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke;
Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false inconstant lover,
 After a thousand beauties shown,
 Does new surprizing charms discover,
 And finds variety in one.

J. ADDISON.

A Pollo once finding fair Daphne alone,
 Discover'd his flame in a passionate tone :
 He told her, and bound it with many a curse,
 He was ready to take her for better for worse ;
 Then talk'd of the smart, and the hole in his heart,
 So large one might drive through the passage a cart.
 But the silly coy maid, to the god's great amazement,
 Sprung away from his arms, and leap'd thro' the case-
 (ment.

He following cry'd out, My life, and my dear,
 Return to your lover, and lay by your fear.
 You think me, perhaps, some scoundrel, or whorson :
 Alas ! I've no wicked design on your person.
 I'm a god by my trade, young, plump, and well made ;
 Then let me care's thee, and be not afraid.
 But still she kept running, and flew like the wind,
 While the poor purfy god came panting behind.

I'm the chief of physicians, and nose of the college
 Must be mention'd with me for experience and know-
 (ledge :

Each herb, flow'r, and plant, by its name I can call ;
 And do more than the best seventh son of them all :
 With my powder and pills, I cure all the ills
 That sweep off such numbers each week in the bills.
 But still she kept running, and flew like the wind,
 While the poor purfy god came panting behind.

Besides, I'm a poet, child, into the bargain,
 And top all the writers of fam'd Covent-Garden ;
 I'm the prop of the stage, and the pattern of wit ;
 I set my own sonnets, and sing to my kit :

I'm

I'm at Will's all the day, and each night at the play,
 And verses I make fast as hops, as they say.
 When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her speed,
 And flew like a whore from a constable freed.

Now, had our wise lover, (but lovers are blind),
 In the language of Lombard-street, told her his mind ;
 Look, lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of money,
 Oddsbubs I must swinge thee, my joy, and my honey ;
 I sit next the chair, and shall shortly be May'r ;
 Neither Clayton nor Duncomb with me can compare :
 Tho' as wrinkl'd as Prim, as deform'd as the devil,
 The god had succeeded, the nymph had been civil.

T. BROWN.

W Here the light cannot pierce in a grove of tall trees,
 With my fair one as blooming as May,
 Undisturb'd by all sounds but the sighs of the breeze,
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun less intense to the westward inclines,
 For the meadows, the groves we'll forsake,
 And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
 On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
 For 'tis she that must still be my theme,
 Our two shadows may view in the watery glass,
 While the fishes do play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
 While she sings me some amorous strain ;
 All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat
 The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
 To direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move :
 And let not a thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from ambition's alarms,
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

From MILTON'S L'Allegro.

LET me wander not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 While the plowman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land ;
 And the milk-maid singeth blythe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

YES, Daphne, in your face I find
 Those charms by which my heart's betray'd :
 Then let not your disdain unbind
 The pris'ner that your eyes have made.
 She that in love makes least defence
 Wounds ever with the surest dart ;
 Beauty may captivate the sense,
 But kindness only gains the heart.
 'Tis kindness, Daphne, must maintain
 The empire that you once have won :
 When beauty does like tyrants reign,
 The subjects from their duty run.
 Then force me not to be untrue ;
 Lest I, compell'd by generous shame,
 Cast off my loyalty to you,
 To gain a glorious rebel's name.

I S there a charm, ye pow'rs above,
 To ease a wounded breast,
 Through reason's glass to look at love,
 To wish, and yet to rest ?
 Let wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain,
 An empire o'er the mind ;
 'Tis beauty, beauty holds the chain,
 And triumphs o'er mankind.

Thrice happy birds on ev'ry spray,
 Unartful notes prolong ;
 Your feather'd mates reward the lay,
 And yield to pow'rful song.
 By nature fierce, without controul,
 The human savage ran,
 Till love refin'd his stubborn soul,
 And civiliz'd the man.

Verse turn's aside the tyrant's rage,
 And cheers the drooping slave ;
 It wins a smile from hoary age,
 And disappoints the grave.
 The force of numbers must succeed,
 And soothe each gentle ear ;
 Though my fond cause should Phebus plead,
 He'd find a Daphne here.

Did heav'n such wond'rous gifts produce,
 To curse our wretched race ;
 Say, must we all the heart accuse,
 And yet approve the face ?
 Thus in the sun, bedropt with gold,
 The basking adder lies ;
 The swain admires each shining fold,
 Then grasps the snake, and dies.

S Pring renewing all things gay,
 Nature's dictates all obey ;

In each creature we may see
The effect of love's decree.
Such their state, thus their fate;
Do not, Polly, do not wait.

Look around, and see them play,
All are wanton while they may:
Why should precious time be lost?
After summer comes a frost.
All pursue nature's due;
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Flowers all around us blowing,
Herds o'er ev'ry meadow lowing,
Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing,
Turtles all around us cooing;
Hark they coo, see they woo;
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Mark how kind that swain and lass,
Yonder sitting on the grass;
See how earnestly he woos,
While she, blushing, can't refuse:
See these two, how they woo;
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Mark yon cloud above the plain,
See it seems to threaten rain;
Herds and flocks do run together,
Seeking shelter from the weather.
Fear not you, I'll be true;
Let us therefore do so too.

Sweet were once the joys I tasted,
All was jollity and love;
Time methought too nimbly hasted,
Which on pleasure's wings did move.
Chloe then was all my treasure,
Never was a richer swain;

Chloe doubl'd ev'ry pleasure,
Chloe banish'd ev'ry pain.

But the envious gods repining,
So much bliss on earth to see,
All their bit'rest curses joining,
Dash'd my cup with jealousy.
Now, where erst my pipe resounded,
Steals the sigh, and heart-felt groan,
Love by doubts and fears surrounded;
Ill dispute a tott'ring throne.

Fool, that ever art pursuing
What conceal'd is always best :
Jealousy, love's child and ruin,
Leave, Oh ! leave my tortur'd breast.
With the slave thy pow'r confessing,
Thou, O Venus ! mildly deal :
They who shun, or slight thy blessing,
Should alone thy torments feel.

'Twas in the bloom of May,
When odours breathe around,
When nymphs are blythe and gay,
And all with mirth abound ;
That happily I stray'd,
To view my fleecy care,
Where I beheld a maid,
No mortal e'er so fair.

She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of straw,
Which such a face did shade
As Phebus never saw :
Her locks, of nut-brown hue,
A round ear'd coif conceal'd,
Which to my pleasing view
A sporting breeze reveal'd.

Around

Around her slender waste
 A scrip embroider'd hung,
 The lute her fingers grac'd,
 Accomp'ny'd with a song;
 With such a pleasing note
 Cuzzoni doth excel,
 Or Philomela's throat,
 That warbles through the vale.

Not long I stood to view;
 Struck with her heav'nly air,
 I to the charmer flew,
 And caught the yielding fair.
 Hear this, ye scornful belles,
 And milder ways pursue;
 She that in charms excels,
 Excels in kindness too.

Tune, *Alla-houfe.*

O H! how could I venture to love one like thee,
 And you not despise a poor conquest like me?
 On lords thy admirers could look with disdain,
 And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my pain?
 You said, while they teaz'd you with nonsense and dress,
 When real the passion, the vanity's less;
 You saw through that silence which others despise,
 And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes.
 O! how shall I fold thee, and kiss all thy charms,
 'Till fainting with pleasure, I die in your arms;
 Through all the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
 'Till, sinking together, together we're lost!
 Oh! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,
 Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy;
 And when the short raptures are all at an end,
 From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
 Too-nice for expression, which only we feel.
 In all that you do, in each look and each mien,
 The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
 When I see you, I love you ; when hearing, adore ;
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more ;
 Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
 And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair ?
 I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look away care :
 I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppress'd,
 Which never displeases, but always is best.
 In all that I write I'll thy judgment require ;
 Thy wit shall correct what thy love did inspire :
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.

A. W—R.

Tune, Banks of Forth.

A Wake, my love, with genial ray
 The sun returning glads the day ;
 Awake, the balmy Zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisie glows,
 The trees regain their verdant pride,
 The turtle wooes his tender bride,
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth in dimples glides along.

O more than blooming daisies fair !
 More fragrant than the vernal air !
 More gentle than the turtle-dove,
 Or streams that murmur through the grove !
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring ;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy ;
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

Tune,

Tune, Gently touch the warbling lyre.

TAke, O! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were foresworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, O! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose top the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears:
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in icy chains by thee.

SHAKESPEAR.

ON Etrick banks, in a summer's night,
At gloming, when the sheep draw hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot, a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I sang
My arms about her lily-neck,
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fou lang;
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To th' highland hills the Earse to learn?
I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ew.
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herring at the Broom-o'-law;
Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

And when that we have wrought enough,
When winter's frost and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,

I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lambkins bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lads among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer-shield :
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That mak the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing,
 And gar the longest day seem short.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay:
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Innermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters please no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Innermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites sing,
 The rocks around with echoes ring,
 The mavis and the blackbird vye
 In tuneful strains to glad the day;
 The woods now wear their summer-suits,
 To mirth all nature now invites;

T

Let

Let us be blythesome then and gay,
Among the birks of Innermay.

Behold the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Innermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Innermay.

Come hither, my country 'squire,
Take friendly instructions from me,
The Lords shall admire thy taste in attire,
And the Ladies shall languish for thee.
Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunting,
Such frolicking thou shalt see,
Thou ne'er, like a clown, shalt quit London town,
To live in thine own country.

A skimming-dish hat provide,
With little more brim than lace;
Nine hairs on a side, to a pig's tail ty'd,
Will set off thy jolly broad face.
Such flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a footman's frock,
A cudgel quite up to thy nose,

Then

Then frizz like a shock, and plaister thy block,
And buckle thy shoes at the toes.

A brace of ladies fair
To pleasure thee shall strive,
In a chaise and pair they shall take the air,
And thou on the box shalt drive.

Convert thy acres to cash,
And saw thy timber down :
Who'd keep such trails, and not cut a flash,
To enjoy the delights of the town ?

A Lovely lass to a friar came,
To confess, in a morning early :
In what, my dear, are you to blame ?
Come tell me now sincerely.
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a man that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.
You for that crime to Rome must go,
And discipline must suffer.
Lack-a-day, Sir, if it must be so,
Pray send with me my lover.

No, no, my dear ; you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing ;
But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past failing.
I must own, Sir, (but I blush for shame),
That your penance is prevailing.

A H ! how sweet it is to love !
Ah ! how gay is young desire !
And what pleasing pains we prove,
When first we feel a lover's fire !

Pains of love are sweeter far,
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart;
Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death.

Love and time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse,
Which in youth sincere they lend:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring tides, full and high,
Swells in ev'ry youthful vein;
Each other tide has less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

J. DRYDEN.

COME, take your glass, the northern lass
So prettily advis'd;
I drank her health, and really was
Agreeably surpris'd:
Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,
Her air and mien so free;
The syren charm'd me from my meat,
But, Take your drink, said she.

If from the north such beauty came,
How is it that I feel
Within my breast that glowing flame
No tongue can e'er reveal?
Though cold and raw the north-wind blow,
All summer's on her breast;

Her

Her skin was like the driven snow,
But sun-shine all the rest.

Her heart may southern climates melt,
Though frozen now it seems;
That joy with pain be equal felt,
And balanc'd in extremes.

Then, like our genial wine, she'll charm
With love my panting breast;
Me like our sun her heart shall warm,
Be ice to all the rest.

Tune, Happy hours.

Gentle love, this hour befriend me,
To my eyes resign thy dart;
Notes of melting music lend me,
To dissolve a frozen heart.

Chill as mountain snow her bosom,
Though I tender language use;
'Tis by cold indiff'rence frozen
To my arms, and to my muse.

See, my dying eyes are pleading,
Where a broken heart appears,
For thy pity interceeding,
With the eloquence of tears.
While the lamp of life is fading,
And beneath thy coldness dies,
Death my ebbing pulse invading,
Take my soul into thine eyes.

Tune, Happy hours.

Love's a dream of mighty treasure,
Which in fancy we possess;
In the folly lies the pleasure,
Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated,
 We a goddess have in chace,
 Like Ixion we are cheated,
 And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,
 Whom his mistress well deceives;
 Seeking nothing to discover,
 He contented lives at ease.
 But the wretch that would be knowing
 What the fair one would disguise,
 Labours for his own undoing,
 Changing happy to be wise.

He. Love's an idle childish passion,
 Only fit for girls and boys;
 Marriage is a cursed fashion,
 Women are but foolish toys.
 Spite of all the tempting evils,
 Still thy liberty maintain;
 Tell e'm, tell the pretty devils,
 Man alone was made to reign.

She. Empty boaster, know thy duty,
 Thou who dar'st my pow'r defy;
 Feel the force of love and beauty,
 Tremble at my feet and die.
 Wherefore does thy colour leave thee?
 Why these cares upon thy brow?
 Did the rebel, pride, deceive thee?
 Ask him, who's the monarch now!

Love's a gentle gen'rous passion,
 Source of all sublime delights;
 When, with mutual inclination,
 Two fond hearts in one unite.

What

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
 If compar'd with true content?
 That false joy, which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless passion is vexation;
 But a chaste and constant love
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blestful state above.

Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
 To this poor, but merry place,
 Where no bailiff, dun, nor suter,
 Dare to shew his frightful face;
 But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,
 Down your garnish you must lay,
 Or your coat will be in danger;
 You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement.
 From your children, or your wife;
 Wisdom lies in true resignation,
 Through the various scenes of life.
 Scorn to shew the least resentment,
 Though beneath the frowns of fate;
 Knaves and beggars find contentment,
 Fears and cares attend the great.

Though our creditors are spiteful,
 And restrain our bodies here,
 Use will make a gaol delightful,
 Since there's nothing else to fear.
 Ev'ry island's but a prison,
 Strongly guarded by the sea;
 Kings and princes, for that reason,
 Pris'ners are as well as we.

Pray what made great Alexander
 Weep at his unfriendly fate?

'Twas

'Twas because he could not wander
 Beyond the world's strong prison-gate.
 For the world is also bounded,
 By the heav'ns and stars above ;
 Why should we then be confounded,
 Since there's nothing free but Jove ?

FROM sweet bewitching tricks of love,
 Young men, your hearts secure ;
 Left in the paths of sense you rove,
 In dotage premature.
 Look at each lass through wisdom's glass,
 Nor trust the naked eye ;
 Gallants, beware, look sharp, take care,
 The blind eat many a fly.

There's ne'er a spinster in the realm
 But knows mankind to cheat,
 Down to the cottage from the helm,
 The learn'd, the brave and great.
 With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
 T' entangle us they try.
Gallants, beware, &c.

Not only on their hands and necks
 The borrow'd white you'll find ;
 Some belles, when interest directs,
 Can even paint the mind.
 Joy in distress they can express,
 Their very tears can lye.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
 Was earth of parchment made,
 Was every single stick a quill,
 Each man a scribe by trade ;
 To write the tricks of half the sex,
 Would sink in that ocean dry.

See the Answer, Vol. 2. p. 230.

When

When daisies py'd, and violets blue,
 And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-finocks all silver white

Do paint the meadows with delight ;
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he :
 Cuckow ! cuckow ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmens clocks ;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smokes :
The cuckow then, &c.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry, merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw ;
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 And nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry, merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. SHAKESPEAR.

Tune, Happy hours.

Woman, thoughtless, giddy creature,
 Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing ;
 Most fantastic work of nature,
 Still, like fancy, on the wing.

Slave

Slave to ev'ry changing passion,
 Loving, hating, in extreme,
 Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion;
 And, at best, a pleasing dream.

Lovely trifle, dear illusion,
 Conqu'ring weakness, with'd-for pain,
 Man's chief glory, and confusion,
 Of all vanities most vain.

Thus deriding beauty's power,
 Beville call'd it all a cheat;
 But, in less than half an hour,
 Kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's feet.

BAKER.

AS the snow in valleys lying,
 Phebus his warm beams applying,
 Soon dissolves and runs away;
 So the beauties, so the graces
 Of the most bewitching faces,
 At approaching age, decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
 By the slaves he once controll'd;
 So the nymph, if none could move her,
 Is contemn'd by ev'ry lover,
 When her charms are growing old.

Melancholy looks and whining,
 Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
 Are th' effects your rigours move;
 Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
 Melting sighs, transporting trances,
 Are the blest'd effects of love.

Fair ones, while your beauty's blooming,
 Employ time, lest age resuming
 What your youth profusely lends,

You

You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.

Tune, *A cobbler there was.*

A Nymph and a swain to Apollo once pray'd;
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd;
Their intent was to try if the oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like t' have been pos'd;
But sagely, at length, he this secret disclos'd;
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide,
And the nymph may be chaste that has never been try'd.

A S Celia in her garden stray'd,
Secure, nor dream'd of harm,
A bee approach'd the lovely maid,
And rested on her arm.

The curious insect thither flew,
To taste the tempting bloom;
But, with a thousand sweets in view,
It found a sudden doom.

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
The little daring thing;
But first the snowy arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful sting.

Once only could that sting surprise,
Once be injurious found:
Not so the darts of Celia's eyes,
They never cease to wound.

Oh! would the short-liv'd burning smart
The nymph to pity move,
And teach her to regard the heart
She fires with endless love.

Fairest

FAirest isle, all isles excelling,
 Seat of pleasures and of love,
 Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
 And forsake her Cyprian grove.
 Cupid, from his fav'rite nation,
 Care and envy will remove,
 Jealousy that pois'nous passion,
 And despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
 Sighs that blow the fire of love,
 Soft repulses, kind disdainings,
 Shall be all the pains you prove:
 Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
 Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;
 And as these excel in beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for love.

J. DRYDEN.

I'M not one of your fops, who, to please a coy lass,
 Can lie whining and pining, and look like an ass.
 Life is dull without love, and not worth the possessing;
 But fools make a curse what was meant for a blessing.
 While his godship's not rude, I'll allow him my breast;
 But, by Jove, out he goes, shou'd he once break my rest.
 I can toy with a girl for an hour, to allay
 The fluster of youth, or the ferment of May;
 But must beg her excuse, not to bear pain or anguish;
 For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languish.

BUDGELL.

Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His doctrine is deceiving;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

T.

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master :
 Then only let us study now
 How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blefs, be blest
 With mutual inclination ;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blefs'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give ;
 'Tis I must learn to die.

THat man who, for life, is blefs'd in a wife,
 Is sure in a happy condition :
 Go things how they will, she sticks by him still ;
 She's comforter, friend, and physician ;
 She's comforter, friend, and physician.

Pray where is the joy, to trifle and toy,
 Yet dread some disaster from beauty ?
 But sweet is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
 Where love mingles pleasure with duty.

One extravagant whore shall cost a man more,
 Than twenty good wives that are saving :
 For wives they will spare that their children may share ;
 But whores are eternally craving.

THE man who, for life, is plagu'd with a wife,
 Is sure in a wretched condition ;
 Go things how they will, she sticks by him still,
 And death is his only physician.

To trifle and toy may give a man joy,
 Incited by love or by beauty ;

U

But

But where is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
When passion is prompted by duty ?

So the dog who possess'd a bone of the best,
May lick it, or leave it at pleasure ;
But if to his tail 'tis ty'd, with-ut fail
He is harrafs'd and plagu'd beyond measure.

WHen Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd, a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far ; but how vast their surprise !
When they heard that he came for his wife ?

To find out a punishment due to the fault,
Old Pluto did puzzle his brain ;
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again, in reward of his art :
Such power had music in hell.

WHen mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood,
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
O ! the roast beef of Old England,
And O ! the Old English roast beef.

But since we have learn'd from all-conquering France,
To eat their ragousts, as well as to dance,
We are sed up with nothing but vain complaisance.

Our

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
A sneaking poor race, half-begotten and tame,
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee and tea, and such slip-slops, were known,
The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again,
As witness the vaunting armada of Spain.

O! then they had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
(right;

But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night.

To the foregoing tune

WHEN humming brown beer was the Englishman's
(taste,

Our wives they were merry, our daughters were chaste,
Their breath smelt like roses whenever embrac'd.

O! the brown beer of Old England,
And O! the Old English brown beer.

Ere coffee and tea found their way to the town,
Our ancestors by their own fire-sides sat down;
Their bread it was white, and their beer it was brown.

Our heroes of old, of whose conquests we boast,
Could make a good meal of a pot and a toast;
O! did we so now, we should soon rule the roast.

When the great Spanish fleet on our coast did appear,
Our sailors each one drank a jorum of beer,
And sent them away with a flea in their ear.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer,
 Ere they mounted the rostrum, their spirits to cheer;
 Then preach'd against vice, tho' courtiers were near.

Their doctrines were then authentic and bold,
 Well grounded on scripture, and fathers of old;
 But now they preach nothing but what they are told.

For since the geneva and strong ratafee,
 We are dwindl'd to nothing, but—stay, let me see,
 Faith, nothing at all, but mere fiddle-de-dee.

Tune, Happy hours.

WHilst I gaze on Chloe trembling,
 Straight her eyes my fate declare:
 When she smiles, I fear dissembling;
 When she frowns, I then despair.
 Jealous of some rival lover,
 If a wand'ring look she give:
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion,
 Or the torments I endure?
 I will disclose my inclination;
 Awful distance yields no cure.
 Sure it is not in her nature,
 To be cruel to a slave;
 She is too divine a creature,
 To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat,
 Never mounts to raging passion;
 Love's a torment if too great.
 When the storm is once blown over,
 Soon the ocean quiet grows;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?

A healthy clean, paternal seat;
Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour-stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the King!

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
Have a few friends of your own cast,
A wife agreeable and chaste

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
No miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few tailors, and no doctors bills;
Content to take, as Heav'n shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

Tune, Grim king of the ghosts.

ONE ev'ning the loveliest pair
That ever frequented the plain,
Bright Lydia th'all-conquering fair,
And Damon the beautiful swain,
Sat down in a jessamine-grove,
Where a murmuring rivulet stray'd;
When Damon, to kindle old love,
Thus gently reproached the maid.

Dam. O Lydia! while I was the he
That only was bless'd with your charms,
And never a shepherd but me
Clasp'd in that soft circle your arms;

Then Damon all chearful did sing,
 And his happiness yielding to none,
 Despis'd all the pomp of a king,
 And slighted a glittering throne.

Lyd. False Damon! the virgin reply'd,
 Whilst you true and constant did prove,
 Consuming whole days by my side,
 In sighing and talking of love;
 Whilst Phillis's beauty did yield
 To mine in your delicate eye,
 Then I was the pride of the field,
 No queen was so happy as I.

Dam. Ah! name not that beautiful dame;
 She has totally ravish'd my heart;
 Her charms set me all in a flame,
 Which she fans with her musical art.
 One touch of that powerful breath
 Wounds a heart as it pierces an ear;
 For her I would freely meet death,
 Would the powers my goddess but spare.

Lyd. Alexis, the bloomingest youth
 That treads on the flowery plains,
 With innocent arts and pure truth
 My heart, not unwilling, detains:
 Still burning with mutual desire,
 Unbroken delights we enjoy;
 Far oft'ner than once I'd expire,
 To save the adorable boy.

Dam. But now if my heart should return
 To the duty it owes thee again,
 Leave Phillis to sorrow, and mourn
 A conquest she could not maintain;
 If humbly thy pardon I'll crave,
 And sigh when I think on the time
 I slighted thy love, wilt thou leave
 Thy Damon to die for his crime?

Lyd.

Lyd. Ah! no: though Alexis the fair
 His charms like a planet disp'ays,
 And thou art inconstant as air,
 And wrathful as bellowing seas;
 Yet with thee a long series of years,
 Like a minute of joy, I'd consume,
 And at death not lament thee with tears,
 But lay myself down in thy tomb.

J^A. ARBUCKLE.

Tune, *The lass that would know, &c.*

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me:
 The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

By passion unruff'd, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
 And the rest are but folly and care.

Those blessings which Providence kindly has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;
 Whilst sweet meditation, and chearful content,
 Will make me both healthy and wise.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 The many their labours employ?
 When all that is truly delightful in life
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SWains I scorn, who, nice and fair,
 Shiver at the morning-air;
 Rough and hardy, bold and free,
 Be the man that's made for me.

Slaves

Slaves to fashion, slaves to dress,
 Fops themselves alone careſs;
 Let them without rivals be,
 They are not the men for me.

He, whoſe nervous arm can dart
 The jav'lin to the tyger's heart,
 From all ſenſe of danger free,
 He's the man that's made for me.

While his ſpeed outſtrips the wind,
 Loofely wave his locks behind,
 From fantaſtic fopp'ry free,
 He's the man that's made for me.

Nor ſimp'ring ſmile, nor dimple ſleck
 Spoil his manly ſun-burnt cheek;
 By weather let him painted be,
 He's the man that's made for me.

If falſe he proves, my jav'in can
 Revenge the perjury of man;
 And ſoon another, brave as he,
 Shall be found the man for me.

To the foregoing tune.

WOULDſt thou know her ſacred charms
 Who this deſtin'd heart alarms,
 What kind of nymph the heavens decree
 The maid that's made for love and me?

Who grieves to hear the ſigh ſincere,
 Who melts to ſee the tender tear,
 From each ungentle paſſion free;
 That's the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er ſhe ſees me glad,
 Who ſorrows when ſhe ſees me ſad,
 For peace and me can pomp reſign;
 That's the heart that's made for mine.

Whoſe

Whose soul with gen'rous friendship glows,
 Who feels the blessing she bestows ;
 Gentle to all, but kind to me :
 That's the maid that's made for me.

Whose genuine thoughts, devoid of art,
 Are all the natives of her heart ;
 A gentle train, from falsehood free :
 That's the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire,
 Where flatt'ring fops around admire ;
 Unmov'd, your tinsel charms I see,
 More genuine beauties are for me.

Should love, capricious as he is,
 Raise up some rival to my bliss,
 And should she change—But can it be ?
 No other maid is made for me. W. HAMILTON.

He. **H**Ark, hark, o'er the plains, how the merry
 (bells ring,

Asleep while my charmer is laid,
 Asleep while my charmer is laid.
 The village is up, and the day on the wing,
 And Phillis may yet die a maid,
 My poor girl, my poor girl ;
 And Phillis may yet die a maid, my poor girl,
 And Phillis may yet die a maid.

She. 'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away ;
 Oh ! Damon, I'm young and afraid :
 To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,
 But let me to-night lie a maid.
My dear boy, my dear boy, &c.

He. The bride-maids are met, and mamma's on the
 All, all, my coy Phillis upbraid : (fret ;
 By midnight, my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,
 Nor grieve she's no longer a maid.

She.

She. Dear shepherd, forbear ; and to-morrow, I swear,
To-morrow, I'll not be afraid ;
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

He. No, no, Phillis, no ; on thy bosom of snow
To night shall your shepherd be laid ;
Fast lock'd in your arms, and you yield up your
Nor wish to live longer a maid. (charms,

She. Then open the door, 'twas unbolted before,
'Twas Damon his blifs that delay'd.
To church let us go ; and if there I say no,
O then let me die an old maid.

Chor. Away, then, away, and to love give the day ;
Ye nymphs, let example persuade :
Let beauty be kind, when the swain's in the mind ;
'Tis foolish to die an old maid.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair ;
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel those gloomy shades of night ;
My tender grief remove ;
O ! send some chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus in a secret friendly shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd ;
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden Damon's well known face,
Each rising fear disarms ;
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

The ENTERED PRENTICES Song.

COME, let us prepare, we brothers that are
 Assembled on merry occasion ;
 Let's drink, laugh, and sing, our wine has a spring,
 Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain our secrets to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on ;
 Till they're thown the light, they'll ne'er know the right
 Word or sign of an accepted mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that, they cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men of the nation
 Should aprons put on, to make themselves one
 With a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords, have laid by their swords,
 Our mystery to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er been asham'd, to hear themselves nam'd
 With a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride we have on our side,
 And it maketh men just in their station ;
 There's nought but what's good, to be understood
 By a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere, and just to the fair ;
 They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion :
 No mortal can more the ladies adore,
 Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand, by each brother firm stand ;
 Let's be merry, and put a bright face on :
 What mortal can boast so noble a toast,
 As a free and an accepted mason.

CHOR. No mortal can boast so noble a toast,
 As a free and an accepted mason.

*The FELLOW CRAFTS Song.**Tune Sweet are the charms, &c.*

Hail masonry ! thou craft divine !
 Glory of earth, from heav'n reveal'd !
 Which doth with jewels precious shine,
 From all but masons eyes conceal'd

CHOR. Thy praises due who can rehearse,
 In nervous prose, or flowing verse ?

As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
 A mason other men excels ;
 For what's in knowledge choice and rare
 But in his breast securely dwells ?

CHOR. His silent breast and faithful heart
 Preserve the secrets of the art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
 From beasts whose roar the forest rends,
 From the assaults of warriors bold,
 The masons art mankind defends.

CHOR. Be to this art due honour paid,
 From which mankind receives such aid.

Ensigns of state, that feed our pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain,
 By masons true are laid aside ;
 Art's freeborn sons such toys disdain.

CHOR. Ennobled by the name they bear,
 Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
 Friendly converse of brotherhood,
 The lodge's lasting cement be,
 Which has for ages firmly stood.

CHOR. A lodge thus built for ages past
 Has lasted, and shall ever last.

Then in our songs be justice done
 To those who have enrich'd the art,

From

From Adam to * — down,

And let each brother bear a part.

CHOR. Let noble masons healths go round,
Their praise in lofty lodge resound.

* *Insert the grand master's name for the time.*

The DEPUTY GRAND MASTER'S Song.

ON, on, my dear brethren, pursue your great lecture,
And refine on the rules of old architecture:
High honour to masons the craft daily brings,
To those brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the stage,
Reviving the art of Augustus' fam'd age:
And Vespasian destroy'd the vast temple in vain,
Since so many now rise in —'s mild reign.

The noble five orders, compos'd with such art,
Will amaze the fixt eye, and engage the whole heart;
Proportion's sweet harmony gracing the whole,
Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a soul.

Then, master and brethren, preserve your great name,
This lodge so majestic will purchase you fame;
Rever'd it shall stand till all nature expire,
And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire.

See, see, behold here what rewards all our toil,
Inspires our genius, and bids labour smile:
To our noble grand master let a bumper be crown'd,
To all masons a bumper, so let it go round.

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,
Our ancient firm union cements with a glass;
And all the contention 'mongst masons shall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

Again let it pass to the * Prince's lov'd name, [**Wales.*
Whose glorious admission has crown'd all our fame:

May a Lewis be born, whom the world shall admire,
Serene as his mother, august as his fire. (mire,

CHOR. Now a Lewis is born, whom the world shall ad-
Serene as his mother, august as his fire.

The TREASURER'S Song.

GRant me, kind heaven, what I request,
In masonry let me be blest :

Direct me to that happy place
Where friendship smiles in ev'ry face ;
Where freedom, and sweet innocence,
Enlarge the mind, and cheer the sense.

Where scepter'd reason from her throne
Surveys the lodge, and makes us one ;
And harmony's delightful sway
For ever sheds ambrosial day ;

Where we blest Eden's pleasure taste,
Whilst balmy joys are our repast.

Our lodge the social virtues grace,
And wisdom's rules we fondly trace ;
Whole nature open to our view,
Points out the paths we should pursue.

Let us subsist in lasting peace,
And may our happiness increase.

No prying eye can view us here,
No fool nor knave disturb our cheer ;
Our well-form'd laws set mankind free,
And give relief to misery.

The poor, oppress'd with woe and grief,
Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

Diogenes furly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,

Delighted

Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth :
 But growing as poor as a Job,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
 A bumper to cherish his heart ;
 And when he was maudlin would cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart :
 Though some are so foolish to think
 He wept at mens follies and vice,
 'Twas only his custom to drink,
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
 To tittle, and cherish his soul ;
 Would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing bowl.
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff ;
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wife Solon, who carefully gave
 Good laws unto Athens of old,
 And thought the rich Cræsus a slave,
 Tho' a king, to his coffers of gold,
 He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
 But, drinking, much talk would decline,
 Because 'twas the custom of fools,
 To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
 Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
 Who in's cups to the oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise.
 Late hours he most certainly lov'd ;
 Made wine the delight of his life,

Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home :
And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,
To the last, we may truly aver it,
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin
On his pupils, who wisdom would seek,
Because that he tipp'd good wine,
Till himself was unable to speak :
And when he was whimsical grown,
With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the best
Made reason the brighter to shine.
With wine he replenish'd his veins,
And made his philosophy reel ;
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine.
His belly, as most writers agree,
Was big as a watering trough ;
He therefore leap'd into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wisdom was prone ;

But

Bat had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

M. S.

THE man that is drunk is void of all care ;
 He needs neither Parthian quiver nor spear ;
 The Moor's poison'd dart he scorns for to wield ;
 His bottle alone is his weapon and shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
 Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors ;
 He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
 And boldly defies both the proctor and devil.

As late I went out, with my skin full of wine,
 Encumbered neither with care, nor with coin,
 I boldly confronted a horrible dun ;
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No monster could put you to half so much fear,
 Should he in Apulia's forest appear ;
 In Africa's desert there never was seen
 A monster so hated by gods and by men.

Come place me, ye deities, under the line,
 Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but the vine ;
 O'er hot-burning sands I will swelter and sweat,
 Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or place me where sun-shine is ne'er to be found,
 Where the earth is with winter eternally bound ;
 Ev'n there I would nought but my bottle require,
 My bottle would warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutors may job me, and lay me down rules.
 Who minds them but dull philosophical fools ?

For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then for to sit down and think."

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Aristotle an ass for his pain ;
His sorrows he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well stor'd,
And into 't I came to be drunk as a lord ;
My life is the reck'ning, which freely I'll pay,
And when I am drunk, then I'll stagger away.

Tune, Willy was a wanton wag.

Willy ne'er inquire what end
The gods for thee or me intend ;
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes :
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate assigns,
'Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy present time in mirth employ,
And consecrate thy youth to joy ;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth
That rages o'er the Pentland firth,
No more with Home the dance to lead ;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blythe intent the goblet pour,
'That's sacred to the genial hour :
In flowing wine still warm thy soul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold the flying hour is lost,
For time rides ever on the post,
Even while we speak, even while we think,
And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect

Collect thy joys each present day,
 And live in youth, while best you may ;
 Have all your pleasures at command,
 Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.
 Then Willy be a wanton wag,
 If ye wad please the lasses braw,
 At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
 And carry ay the gree awa'.

W. HAMILTON.

IN spite of love, at length I've found
 A mistress that can please me,
 Her humour free and unconfin'd,
 Both night and day she'll ease me :
 No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,
 Tho' she's enjoy'd by all mankind :
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you, through all her naked charms,
 Her little mouth discover,
 Then take her blushing to your arms,
 And use her like a lover ;
 Such liquor she'll distill from thence,
 As will transport your ravish'd sense ;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

But, best of all ! she has no tongue,
 Submissive she obeys me,
 She's fully better old than young,
 And still to smiling sways me :
 Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
 And has a most delicious smack ;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you her excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir,

Clap

Clap your hand about her waist,
 And raise her up behind, Sir :
 As for her bottom never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out :
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

L Eave off your foolish prating,
 Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
 But drink your glafs, round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye.

CHOR. Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd ;
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
 This night devote to pleasure :
 Let worldly cares, and state-affairs,
 Be thought on at more leisure.

CHOR. *Fill it up to the top, &c.*

If any is so zealous,
 To be a party-minion,
 Let him drink like me, we'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion.

CHOR. Fill your glafs, name your laís,
 See her health go swiftly round ;
 Drink about, see it out,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd.

Tune, Let's be jovial.

'TIS wine that clears the understanding,
 Makes men learned without books ;
 It fits the general for commanding,
 And gives fogers fiercer looks.

'Tis

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
 Heightens beauties of the fair;
 Truth from falsehood it discovers,
 Quickens joys, and conquers care.

Wine will set our souls on fire,
 Fit us for all glorious things;
 When, rais'd by Bacchus, we aspire
 At flights above the reach of kings.

Bring in *bonum magnum* plenty,
 Be each glass a bumper crown'd;
 None to flinch till they be empty,
 And full fifty toasts gone round.

Tune, *Saw not ye my Peggy.*

Come let's ha'e mair wine in,
 Bacchus hates repining,
 Venus lo'es nae dwining,
 Let's be blythe and free.
 Away with dull *Here t'ye, Sir*;
 Your mistress, Robie, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee?

Then let Peggy warm ye,
 That's a lass can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never with ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
 Come let's join our glasses,
 And refresh our hauses
 With a health to thee.

Let

Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statemen tint in thinking,
 While we, with love and drinking,
 Give our cares the lye.

P. F.

With an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate :
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away :
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
 For, the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

H. CAREY.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
 Madness 'tis for us to think,
 How the world is rul'd by asses,
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Then never let vain cares oppress us,
 Riches are to them a snare ;
 We're ev'ry one as rich as Croesus,
 While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roses,
 And our sorrows quite forget ;
 Come, let us fuddle all our noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim death is looking for us,
 We're carousing o'er our bowls,

Bacchus

Bacchus joining in the chorus,
Death be gone, here's none but souls.

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling death away shall flie,
Ever after understanding
Drinking souls can never die.

Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure :
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure.
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul
May drink, and sing, without controul,
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our pleasure ;
That, under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleasure.
And as the hours do glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

C. COFFEY.

Here's a health to the king, and a lasting peace,
May faction be damn'd, and discord cease :
Come, let us drink it, while we've breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down among the dead men, let him ly.

Now a health to the queen, and may she long
Be our first fair toast, to grace our song ;

Off

Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,
 Take off your bumpers all around :
 And he that will not drink his dry,
Down among, &c.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
 In whom celestial joys are found ;
 And may confusion still pursue
 The senseless woman-hating crew :
 And he that will this health deny,
Down among, &c.

Here's thriving to trade, and the common-weal,
 And patriots to their country leal ;
 But who for bribes gives Satan his soul,
 May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl :
 And all that with such rogues comply,
Down among, &c.

In smiling Bacchus's joys I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasures to my soul :
 Let Bacchus's health round swiftly move ;
 For Bacchus is a friend to love :
 And he that doth this health deny,
Down among, &c.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
 With a generous bowl and a toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post.
*Let him be merry, merry there,
 And we'll be merry, merry here ;
 For who can know where we shall go,
 To be merry another year ?*

He that will not merry, merry be,
 And take his glass in course, .
 May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,
 Ne'er a penny in his purse.
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With his mistress in a bed ;
 Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead.

Bacchus must now his power resign,
 I am the only god of wine :
 It is not fit the wretch should be
 In competition set with me,
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
 Stock it with nothing else but wine ;
 Let wine its only produce be ;
 Let wine be earth, and air, and sea,
 And let that wine be—all for me.

Let other mortals vainly wear
 A tedious life in anxious care ;
 Let the ambitious toil and think,
 Let states and empires swim or sink :
 My sole ambition is to drink.

H. CAREY.

UPbraid me not, capricious fair,
 With drinking to excess ;
 I should not want to drown despair,
 Were your indiff'rence less.

Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
 When this excuse is gone,
 That all my bliss, when Chloe's kind,
 Is fix'd on her alone.

The

The god of wine the victory
 To beauty yields with joy ;
 For Bacchus only drinks like me,
 When Ariadne's coy.

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry, as we,
 He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of his brine,
 Wou'd have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain ?
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking ;
 The fishes ne'er drown, for they're always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun too would drive with more haste,
 Secure in the ev'ning of such a repast ;
 And when he got tipsy, would take out his nap,
 With double the pleasure, in Thetis's lap.

With his face so inflam'd with the fumes of the wine,
 Consider how gloriously Phebus would shine :
 What vast exhalations he'd then draw on high,
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply ?

How happy were mortals, had we but such rain,
 To fill all our vessels, and fill them again ?
 E'en the very poor beggar, who had ne'er a dish,
 Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

What joy and contentment on ev'ry one's brow ?
 Hob, as great as a prince, drawing after his plow :
 E'en the birds of the air, as they flew on the wing,
 Although they but sipp'd, would eternally sing.

The stars, who, I think, don't to drinking incline,
 Would frisk and gambol with the fumes of the wine ;
 And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,
 That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case then, what had we enjoy'd !
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd.

A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

Tune, *Auld Sir Simon the King.*

Come here's to the nymph that I love,
Away, ye vain sorrows, away;
Far, far from my bosom be gone,
All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive;
Come fill up the glasses around;
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting
With ev'ry gay blooming desire,
My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,
Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving;
O fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here,
With his troops of vain cares in array?
Avaunt, idle pensive intruder,—
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a bumper;
Young Cupid, here's to thy confusion.—
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd;
Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly god Bacchus, here's to thee;
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza;
Sing lo, sing lo to Bacchus.—
Hence, all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial?

Come, tune up your voices, and sing:

What soul is so dull to be heavy,

When wine sets our fancies on wing?

Come, Pegasus lies in this bottle,

He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high:

Each of us a gallant young Perseus,

Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,

In seas of wide æther I'm drown'd;

The clouds far beneath me are sailing,

I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this?

Through Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd:

And now—Oh! my head it is knock'd

Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring:

See yonder bright blazes a star.

Where am I?—Behold the Empyreum,

With flaming light streaming from far.

Come fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise;
For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies, by Jove.

When first of all Betty and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint;
But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
Were hypocrisy, paint, and self-interest, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next, with her languishing air,
Her outside was orderly, modest, and fair;
But her soul was sophisticate, so was her love;
For I found she was only a strumpet, by Jove.

Little

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last,
 You know marriage and money together does best;
 But the baggage, forgetting her vows and her love,
 Gave her gold to a sniv'ling dull coxcomb, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys,
 Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise:
 I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;
 And for strumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

SHE tells me with claret she cannot agree,
 And she thinks of an hoghead whene'er she sees me:
 For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I
 Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny.

Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my friend,
 And I hope will continue so to my life's end?
 Must I leave it for her? 'Tis a very hard task.
 Let her go to the devil: Come bring t'other flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bid me forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear:
 Had she found out my Sally, up three pair of stairs,
 I had baulk'd her, and gone to St James's to pray'rs.

Had she bid me read homilies three times a-day,
 She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say:
 But at night to deny me my bottle of red.—
 Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be said.

OH! lead me to some peaceful room,
 Where none but honest fellows come;
 Where wives loud clappers never sound,
 But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
 And never think of home again:

What comfort can a husband have,
To rule the house where he's a slave ?

Tune, Ring, ring the bar-bell of the world.

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old ;
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave no battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do ;
I'm none of those that took Maestricht,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no names of planets tell,
Fix'd stars or constellations ;
For I am not Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine ;
Then add two lovely boys ;
Their limbs in am'rous folds intwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my fairs are,
May drink and love still reign ;
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to love again.

Here's to thee, my boy, my darling, my joy,
For a toper I love as my life ;
Who ne'er baulks his glass, nor cries, like an ass,
To go home to his mistress or wife ;

But

But heartily quaffs, sings catches, and laughs :
 All the night he looks jovial and gay ;
 When morning appears, then homeward he steers,
 To snore out the rest of the day.

He feels not the cares, the griefs, nor the fears,
 That the sober too often attend ;
 Nor knows he a loss, disturbance, or cross,
 Save the want of his bottle and friend. H. CAREY.

FLY, care, to the winds ; thus I blow thee away ;
 I'll drown thee in wine, if thou dar'st for to stay ;
 With bumpers of claret my spirits I'll raise,
 I'll laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my days.

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his son,
 And inspir'd my breast glows with transports unknown ;
 The sparkling liquor new vigour supplies,
 And makes the nymph kind who before was too wise.

Then, dull sober mortals, be happy as me ;
 Two bottles of claret will make us agree ;
 Will open your eyes to see Phillis's charms,
 And, her coyness wath'd down, she'll fly to your arms.

PRoud women, I scorn you, brisk wine's my delight ;
 I'll drink all the day, and I'll revel all night ;
 As great as a monarch, the moments I'll pass,
 The bottle my globe, and the sceptre my glass.
 The table's my throne, and the tavern my court ;
 The drawer's my subject, and drinking's my sport.
 Here's the queen of all joy, here's a mistress ne'er coy ;
 Dear cure of all sorrows, and life of all bliss,
 I'm a king when I hug you, much more when I kiss.

BEN. JOHNSON.

Bacchus,

Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great glory,
 Chief of the gods, we exult in thy story :
 Wine's first projector,
 Mankind's protector,
 Patron to topers,
 How do we adore thee !
Wine's first projector, &c.

Friend to the muses, and whetstone to Venus,
 Herald to pleasures, when wine wou'd convene us ;
 Sorrow's physician,
 When our condition
 In worldly cares wants a cordial to screen us.
 Nature the smil'd, when thy birth it was blazed ;
 Mankind rejoic'd when thy altars were raised :
 Mirth will be flowing,
 Whilst the vine's growing,
 And sober souls at our joys be amazed.

Tune, Cupid, god of pleasing anguish.

Bacchus, god of jovial drinking,
 Keep th' enamour'd fool from thinking,
 Teach him wine's great power to know :
 Heroe would be lost in battle,
 If not cherish'd by the bottle,
 Wine does all that's great above,
 Wine does all that's great below.

BE gone, old care, I prithee be gone from me ;
 Be gone, old care, you and I shall never agree :
 Long time have you been vexing me,
 And fain you would me kill ;
 But i'faith, old care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man look gray,
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay :

Come

Come you shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily we will play ;
 For I hold it one of the wisest things
 To drive old care away.

DRunk I was last night, that's poz.
 My wife began to scold ;
 Say what I cou'd, for my heart's blood,
 Her clack she would not hold.

Thus her chat she did begin,
 Is this your time of coming in ?
 The clock strikes one, you'll be undone,
 If thus you lead your life.

My dear, said I, I can't deny,
 But what you say is true ;
 I do intend my life to mend,
 Pray lend's the pot to spew.

Fy, you sot, I ne'er can bear
 To rise thus ev'ry night ;
 Though, like a beast, you never care
 What consequence comes by't.

The child and I may starve for you ;
 We neither can have half our due ;
 With grief I find, you're so unkind,
 In time you'll break my heart.

At that I smil'd, and said, Dear child,
 I believe you're in the wrong ;
 But if't should be your destiny,
 I'll sing a merry song.

EVery man take a glass in his hand,
 And drink a good health to our King ;
 Many years may he rule o'er this land ;
 May his laurels for ever fresh spring.

Let wrangling and jangling straightway cease,
Let ev'ry man strive for his country's peace ;

Neither Tory, nor Whig,
With their parties look big.

Here's a health to all honest men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical name,
That proves a man loyal and just ;

Let him fight for his country's fame,
Be impartial at home, if in trust :

'Tis this that proves him an honest soul,
His health we'll drink in a brimful bowl

Then let's leave off debate,

No confusion create.

Here's a health to all honest men.

When a company's honestly met,
With intent to be merry and gay,

Their drooping spirits to whet,
And drown the fatigues of the day ;

What madness is it thus to dispute,
When neither side can his man confute ?

When you've said what you dare,

You're but just where you were.

Here's a health to all honest men.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name ;

Let your enemies trembling see,
That a Briton is always the same :

For our King, our church, our law, and right,
Let's lay by all feuds, and straight unite ;

Then who need care a fig,

Who's Tory or Whig ?

Here's a health to all honest men.

Fill the bowl with streams of pleasure,
Such as Gallia's vintage boast :

These

These are tides that bring our treasure ;
Love and friendship be the toast.

First, our mistresses approving,
With bright beauty crown the glass :
He that is too dull for loving,
Must, in friendship, be an ass.

Pylades is with Orestes
Said to have one common soul,
But the meaning of the jest is
In the bottom of the bowl.

Thus, by means of honest drinking,
Often is the truth found out,
Which wou'd cost a world of thinking ;
Spare your pains, and drink about.

FULL bags, a fresh bottle, and a beautiful face,
Are the three greatest blessings poor mortals em-
(brace :

But, alas ! we grow muckworms, if bags do but fill,
And a bonny gay dame often ends in a pill
Then heigh for brisk claret, whose pleasures ne'er waste ;
By a bumper we're rich, and by two we are chaste.

IF any so wise is, that sack he despises,
Let him drink his finall beer, and be sober ;
Whilst we drink wine, and sing as if it were spring,
He shall droop like the trees in October.

But be sure, over night, if this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.

And not be so silly, to follow old Lilly ;
For there's nothing but wine that can tune us ;

Let

Let his Ne assuescas be put in his cape-case,
And sing Bibito vinum jejunos.

SAve women and wine, there is nothing in life
That can bribe honest souls to endure it :
When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with care,
Dear women and wine only cure it.
Dear women, &c.

Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women and wine,
And wisely to purpose employ them :
He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,
Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.
As women and wine, dear women and wine,
Whilst vigour, &c.

Our wine shall be old, bright, and sound my dear Jack,
To heighten our amorous fires :
Our girls plump and sound, and shall kiss with a smack,
And shall gratify all our desires.
The bottles we'll crack, and the lasses we'll smack,
And gratify, &c.

PHILEMON.

THough Baucis and I are both ancient and poor,
We never yet drove the distress'd from our door,
But still of our little, a little can spare,
To those who, like us, life's infirmities bear.

Come, come, my good friends, let us go in together,
A cup of good liquor will keep out the weather ;
Our hearts they are great, tho' our means are but small ;
You're heartily welcome, and that's best of all.

BAUCIS.

You're welcome at our humble board to partake,
Of a jagg of good ale, and a good barley-cake ;

A good rousing fire, as high as your nose ;
And cleanly warm bed, your old limbs to repose.

B O T H.

We know no ambition, we have no estate,
Nor porter, to worry the poor from our gate ;
We earn what we spend, and we pay as we go ;
It were not amiss, if the rich would do so.

Wine does wonders ev'ry day,
Makes the heavy light and gay ;
Throws off all their melancholy :
Makes the wisest go astray,
And the busy toy and play,
And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
Men in years forget they're old ;
Women leave their coy disdaining,
Who till then were shy and cold ;
Makes a niggard slight his gold,
And the soppy entertaining.

O Let us swim in blood of grapes,
The richest of the city,
And solemnize upon our knees
A health to noble Betty.

The muses, with the milk of queens,
Have fed this comely creature,
That she's become a princely dame,
A miracle of nature.
O let us, &c.

The graces all, both great and small,
Were not by half so pretty :
The Queen of love, that reigns above,
Could not compare with Betty.

Had David seen this lovely one,
 No sin he had committed;
 He had not lain with Bathsheba,
 Nor slain the valiant Hittite.

Had Solomon, Heaven's minion,
 View'd her perfections over,
 Then Sheba's Queen reject'd had been,
 Though clad with gold of Ophir.

The Dons of Spain, could they obtain
 This magazine of pleasure,
 They'd never go to Mexico,
 For all its Indian treasure.

The Christian King would dance and sing,
 To have her at his pleasure,
 And would confine great Mazarine
 Within the banks of Tiber.

The Turk, for all his great empire,
 Would prostrate him before her,
 He would lay down his golden crown,
 And goddesses like adore her.

Her eyes are full of majesty,
 None but a prince can own her,
 She's fitted for an emperor,
 A diadem must crown her.
O let us, &c.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
 This many and many a year;
 And these three plagues are enough I should think
 For any poor mortal to bear.
 'Twas love made me fall into drink,
 And drink made me fall into debt;
 And tho' I have struggl'd, and struggl'd, and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

There's

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain :
 'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets ;
 And my mistress, that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again :
 Then, then, shall I fall to my loving and drinking again.

Pale faces, stand by,
 And our bright ones adore ;
 We look like our wine,
 You worse than our score.

Come, light up your pimples,
 All art we outshine ;
 When the plump god doth paint,
 Each streak is divine.

Clean glasses are pencils,
 Old claret is oil ;
 He that sits for his picture,
 Must sit a good while.

Blyth, blyth, blyth was she,
 Blyth was she but and ben ;
 And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.

She took me in, and set me down,
 And heght to keep me lawing-free ;
 But, cunning carling that she was,
 She gar'd me birlie my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough ;
 But, waes my heart, my cath was done,
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
 And the nieft chappin new begun,
 In started, to heez up our hope,
 Young Andro with his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
 With girdle-cakes well toasted brown ;
 Well does the canny kimmer ken,
 They gar the feuls gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about ;
 Till dawning we ne'er jeed our bum ;
 And ay the cleanest drinker out
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 And as I in his oxter fat,
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
 And mony a fappy kifs I gat.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been far beyond the sun ;
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

Tune, *Dainty Davy*.

BY drinking drive dull care away,
 Be brisk and airy,
 Never vary,

In your tempers, but be gay.

Let mirth know no cessation :
 We all were born, mankind agree,
 From dull reflection to be free ;
 But he that drinks not, cannot be :
 Then answer your creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,
 Then all our whining,
 Withing, striving,
 To embrace what beauty yields,

Is left when in possession ;
 But Bacchus sends such treasure forth,
 Possession never palls its worth ;
 We always wish'd for't from our birth,
 And shall for ever with on.

All malice here is flung aside,
 Each takes his glass,
 No healths do pass,
 Nor party-feuds here e'er abide,
 They nought but ill occasion :
 We only meet to celebrate
 The day which brought us to this state ;
 But not to curse, nor yet to hate,
 The hour of our creation.

Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,
 All were lovers of the bottle ;
 Poets, painters, and musicians,
 Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,
 All admire a pretty lass,
 All require a chearful glass.
 Ev'ry pleasure has its season,
 Love and drinking are no treason.
All admire, &c.

AS Granville's soft numbers tune Mira's just praise,
 And Chloe shines lovely in Prior's sweet lays,
 Would Daphne but smile, their example I'd follow,
 And as she looks like Venus, I'd sing like Apollo.
 But, alas ! when no smiles from my fair one inspire,
 How languid's my strain, and how tuneless my lyre ?

Ye zephyrs salute, in soft accents, her ear,
 And tell how I languish, sigh, pine, and despair ;
 In gentlest murmurs my passion commend,
 But whisper it softly, for fear you offend.

For sure, O ye winds ! ye may tell her my pain ;
'Tis Strephon's to suffer, and not to complain.

Where-ever I go, or whatever I do,
Still something presents the dear nymph to my view ;
If I traverse the garden, the garden still shows
Her neck in the lily, her lip in the rose :
But with her neither lily nor rose can compare ;
Her lips are more sweet, and her bosom more fair.

If, to vent my fond anguish, I steal to the grove,
The spring there presents the fair bloom of my love ;
The nightingale too, with impertinent noise,
Pours forth her soft strains in my Syren's sweet voice.
Thus the grove, and its music, her image still brings ;
For like spring she looks fair, like the nightingale
(sings.

If, forsaking the grove, I fly to the court,
Where beauty and splendor united resort,
Some glimpse of my fair in each charmer I spy,
In Richmond's fair form, or in Brudenell's bright eye.
But, alas ! what would Richmond or Brudenell appear ?
Unheeded they'd pass, were my Daphne but there.

If to books I retire, to drown my fond pain,
And dwell o'er a Horace, or Ovid's soft strain,
In Lyd'a or Chloe my Daphne I find,
But Chloe was courteous, and Lyd'a was kind.
Like Lyd'a or Chloe wou'd Daphne but prove,
Like Horace and Ovid I'd sing, and I'd love.

Happy hours, all hours excelling,
When retir'd from crouds and noise ;
Happy is that silent dwelling,
Fill'd with self-possessing joys.
Happy that contented creature,
Who with fewest things is pleas'd,

And

And consults the voice of nature,
When of roving fancies eas'd.

Ev'ry passion wisely moving,
Just as reason turns the scale ;
Ev'ry state of life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail.
Happy man who thus possesses
Life, with some companion dear ;
Joy imparted still increases,
Griefs when told soon disappear.

With early-born, salute the morn,
That gilds this charming place ;
With chearful cries, bid echo rise,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrystal floods,
All return th' enliv'ning sound.

Tune, Come and listen to my dittay.

AS near to Porto-bello lying,
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy ro'ed ;
There while Vernon sat, all glorious
From the Spaniards late defeat,
And his crews, with thouts victorious,
Drank success to Britain's fleet :

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard :
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd ;
All in dreary hammocks throw'd,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,

And

And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands were seen to muster,
Rising from their war'ry grave :
O'er the glimm'ring wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, O heed, our fatal story !
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place, where I was lost ;
Though, in Porto-bello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
These were English captains brave :
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold,
Lo each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal fate is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright ;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders not to fight :
Oh ! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To reduce the pride of Spain.

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done

What

What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achiev'd with six alone.
 Then the bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemn'd for disobeying,
 I had met a traitor's doom :
 To have fall'n, my country crying,
 He has play'd an English part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail ;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

Hosier ! with indignant sorrow,
 I have heard thy mournful tale ;
 And, if Heav'n permit, to-morrow
 Hence our warlike fleet shall sail :
 O'er these hostile waves, wide roaming,
 We will urge our bold design,
 With the blood of thousands foaming,
 For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow
 Who now triumphs here with me,
 Storm'd and plunder'd Porto-bello,
 All my thoughts were full of thee :
 Thy disastrous fate alarm'd me ;
 Fierce thy image glar'd on high,

And

And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me
To revenge thy fall, or die.

From their lofty ships descending,
Through the flood, in firm array,
To the destin'd city bending,
My lov'd sailors work'd their way :
Straight the foe, with horror trembling,
Quits in haste his batter'd walls,
And, in accents undissembling,
As he flies for mercy calls.

Carthagena, tow'ring wonder !
At the daring deed disinay'd,
Shall, ere long, by Britain's thunder,
Smoking in the dust be laid :
Thou, and these pale spectres, sweeping
Restless o'er this wat'ry round,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,
To thy injur'd ghost I swear,
By my hopes of future glory,
War shall be my constant care :
And I ne'er will cease pursuing
Spain's proud sons from sea to sea,
With just vengeance for thy ruin,
And for England sham'd in thee.

Tune, My apron, deary.

MY sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure my love.
O what had my youth with ambition to do !
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow ?
O what had my youth, &c.

Through

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love ;
 O fool ! to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.

O ! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine ;
 Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine :
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again.

O what had my youth with ambition to do !
 Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow ?

Tune, Pinky-house.

What blooming youth, false-hearted fair,
 Gay favourite of to-day,
 Has all thy sun-shine to his share,
 And basks him in the ray ?
 Be who he will, he soon shall mourn
 The fate of luckless love,
 And call for vengeance in his turn
 From ev'ry pow'r above.

What though, to each fair failing blind,
 He dreams thee all his own,
 Thee ever faithful, ever kind,
 Nor dreads the coming frown :
 But soon the skies will overcast,
 And stormy surges swell :
 Caprice arise, distrust, distaste,
 And all the lovers hell.

I too once, tempted with the wind,
 Imbark'd upon the main ;
 But saw my danger, chang'd my mind,
 And wish'd me back again.

Some

Some god sure snatch'd me from my fate,
 And set me safe on shore,
 Where pleas'd I hear the billows beat,
 And distant tempests rore.

Will you go and marry, Kitty?
 Can you think to take a man?
 'Tis a pitty one so pretty
 Should not do the thing they can.
 You, a charming lovely creature,
 Wherefore would you lie alone?
 Beauty's of a fading nature,
 Has a season to be gone.

Therefore while you're blooming, Kitty,
 Listen to a loving swain.
 Take example by fair Betty,
 Once the darling of the men;
 Who, with coy and fickle nature,
 Trifled off till she's grown old,
 Now she's left by every creature;
 Let not this of thee be told.

But, my dear and lovely Kitty,
 This one thing I have to tell,
 I could wish no man to get you,
 Save it were my very sel.
 Take me, Kitty, at my offer,
 Or be-had, and I'll take you:
 We's mak nae din about your tocher;
 Marry, Kitty, then we'll woo.

Many words are needles, Kitty,
 You do want, and so do I;
 If you would a man should get you,
 Then I can that want supply:
 Say then, Kitty, say you'll take me,
 As the very choice of men,

Never

Never after to forsake me,
And the priest shall say Amen.

Then, O ! then, my charming Kitty,
When we're marry'd, what comes then ?
Then no other man can get you,
But you'll be my very ain :
Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure,
Nor be troubled at envy ;
If once I had my lovely treasure,
Let the rest admire and die.

BEauing, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the rakes at Malo.

Spending faster than it comes,
Beating bawds, whores, and duns,
Bacchus' true-begotten sons,
Live the rakes at Malo.

Sometimes nought but claret drinking,
Then, like politicians, thinking
How to raise the fund when sinking,
Live the rakes at Malo.

Sometimes flush of money store,
Then like any poet poor,
Kissing queans and then a whore,
Live the rakes at Malo.

When at home with daddy dining,
Still for Malo's waters whining,
When good claret is declining,
Live the rakes at Malo.

Living short but merry lives,
Going where the devil drives,
Keeping misses and no wives,
Live the rakes at Malo.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days in

Raking thus at Malo.

Then, to end a rakish life,
They grow sober, take a wife,
Ever after live in strife
With their wives at Malo.

When Sylvia strikes the trembling strings,
She charms with melody divine;
But if a melting air she sings,
In consort all the muses join.

The youthful, wanton, little loves
Around the beauteous charmer fly;
And ev'ry way the virgin moves,
She makes us love, and bids us die.

The graces press about the fair,
Where youth and blooming glories reign;
And while her voice employs the ear,
Her eyes provoke an am'rous pain.

How shall I mitigate my woes?
O! where enjoy the wish'd redress?
A stranger to all soft repose,
Where charms and music both oppress.

With her in symphony we go,
We soar when shrill she rises high,
And, to soft cadence sinking low,
Intent the faculties apply.

Italian songs are wont to please,
Though senseless words join harmony;
But ev'ry one to this agrees,
Both sense and music meet in thee.

DUMBLTON.

Tune,

Tune, Past twelve o'clock.

WHen innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,

Ere Annie became a fine lady in town,

How lovely and loving, and bonny was she ?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,

Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee :

O ! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,

And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen ?

Can tying of trifles be uneasy to thee ?

Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from those een,

That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me ?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,

And dinna prefer a paroquet to me :

O ! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,

And think upon Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah ! should a new manteau or Flanders lace head,

Or yet a wee coatie, though never sae fine,

Gar thee grow forgetful, and let his heart bleed,

That anes had some hope of purchasing thine.

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,

And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me ;

O ! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,

And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sany,

Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,

By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie,

And aim at those benifons promis'd to me ?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,

And never prefer a light dancer to me ;

O ! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,

Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O ! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,

That slide away fâstly between thee and me,

Ere squirrels, or beaus, or sopp'ry had power
 To rival my love, and impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me ;
 O ! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

W Hen trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see,
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye ;
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn-side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride ;
 Her cheeks were rosie, red, and white,
 Her een were bonny blue ;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said !
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd ;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be more fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naething sure unmeet ;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wa'k fac sweet ;

And

And that they aften would return,
 Sic pleasure to renew.
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

AS gentle turtle-dove
 By cooing shews desire,
 As ivys oak do love,
 And twining round aspire :
 So I my Betty love,
 So I my Betty woo,
 I coo as cooes the dove,
 And twine as ivys do.

Her kiss is sweet as spring,
 Like June her bosom's warm ;
 The autumn ne'er did bring,
 By half so sweet a charm.
 As living fountains do
 Their favours ne'er repent,
 So Betty's blessings grow
 The more, the more they're lent.

Leave kindred and friends, sweet lady,
 Leave kindred and friends for me ;
 Assured thy servant is steddly
 To love, to honour, and thee.
 The gifts of nature and fortune,
 May fly, by chance, as they came ;
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,
 But virtue is ever the same.

Although my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my dear.
 And should life's sorrows embitter
 The pleasure we promise our loves,

To share them together is fitter,
Than moan afunder, like doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
To grasp my love in my arms!
By thee to be grasped! and kissed!
And live on thy heaven of charms!
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Should fortune capricious prove;
Though death should tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love.

J. MITCHELL.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with scars?
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
A thousand Cupids play;
Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay:
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur softly while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But, sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline;
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blythe bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace:
 And, in a vacant rainy day,
 You shall be wholly mine;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air
 And signs of generous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above:
 Next day, with glad consent and haste,
 They 'proach'd the sacred shrine,
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.

Tune, *The lafs of Livingston.*

Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,
 Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear,
 The gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear;
 They heard the praises of the youth,
 From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung, and thus she sung.

Bless'd days! when our ingenuous sex, more frank and
 (kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex, but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair, wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him care, or cause him
 (mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain, yet still thought
 (thame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain, to own my flame?
 Why

Why took I pleasure to torment, and seem too coy ?
Which makes me now, alas ! lament my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring, own your desire ;
While love's young power, with his soft wing, fans up
(the fire.

Oh ! do not with a silly pride, or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride, but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime, with flowing
(eyes ;

Glad Jamie heard her all the time, with sweet surprise.
Some god had led him to the grove, his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love, I am reveng'd.

BY smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey ! man I still live pining
My fell thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover ?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger ;
If she's not my bride, my days are no longer :
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora, (row ;
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good mor-
The sward of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But, if she appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter :
'Tis heav'n to be by, when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded ;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.

Tune,

Tune, *John Anderson my jo.*

'TIS not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain ;
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breast or brain :
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth your slave I'll scorn to be,
Nor doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind ;
No smoothed sigh, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind
Pray let Platonics play such pranks,
Such follies I deride ;
For love at least I will have thanks,
And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind ;
If true, I'll constant be :
If fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your pow'r to love or no,
Mine's likewise in my hand.
Dispense with your austerity,
Inconstancy abhor,
Or, by great Cupid's deity,
I'll never love you more.

HOW

HOW happy is the rural clown,
 Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
 Contemns the glory of a crown ;

And, in his safe retreat,
 Is pleas'd with his low degree,
 Is rich in decent poverty,
 From strife, from care and bus'ness free,
 At once baith good and great.

No drums disturb his morning-sleep,
 He fears no danger of the deep,
 Nor noisy law, nor courts e'er heap
 Vexation on his mind :
 No trumpets rouse him to the war,
 No hopes can bribe, nor threats can dare,
 From state intrigues he holds afar,
 And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
 He labours gently to adorn
 His small paternal fields of corn,
 And on their product feeds :
 Each season of the wheeling year
 Industrious he improves with care,
 And still some ripen'd fruits appear,
 So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
 And angles with his baits and flies,
 And next the silvan scene he tries,
 His spirits to regale :
 Now from the rock or height he views
 His fleecy flock, or teeming cows ;
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
 That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 No care his peace of mind destroys ;
 Nor does he pass his time in toys
 Beneath his just regard :

He's fond to feel the Zephyr's breeze,
 To plant and sneed his tender trees ;
 And, for attending well his bees,
 Enjoys the sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and silent coves,
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,
 And warbling birds in blooming groves,
 Afford a wish'd delight :
 But O how pleasant is this life !
 Bless'd with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 And children prattling void of strife,
 Around his fire at night.

Willy was a wanton wag,
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carry'd ay the gree awa :
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 And wow ! but Willy he was braw,
 And at his shoulder hang a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw ;
 And ay whatever Willy said,
 It was still hadden as a law ;
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd ?
 He wan the love of great and sma' ;
 For, after he the bride had kiss'd,
 He kiss'd the lasses hale-fale a'.
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When be the hand he led them a',

And

And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
As thyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he danc'd with the lassies round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been?
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my thanks are fair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But, shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willy's wanton sling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing Willy's thanks are fair,
And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless like Willy ye advance;
O! Willy has a wanton leg:
For we't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton sling.

Tune, *The gallant Shoemaker.*

YOUNG Philander woo'd me lang,
But I was peevish, and forbad him;
I wadna tent his loving fang,
But now I wish, I wish I had him.
Tlk morning when I view my glass,
Then I perceive my beauty going;
And when the wrinkles seize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes so much admir'd,
 I find it fading fast, and flying;
 My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken blood decaying:
 Ah! we may see ourselves to be
 Like summer-fruit that is unshaken;
 When ripe they soon fall down and die,
 And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time, ye virgins fair,
 Employ your day before 'tis evil;
 Fifteen is a season rare,
 But five and twenty is the devil.
 Just when ripe consent unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
 Women are like other fruit,
 They lose their relish when too mellow.

If opportunity be lost,
 You'll find it hard to be regained;
 Which now I may tell to my cost,
 Though but my sel nane can be blamed:
 If then your fortune you respect,
 Take the occasion when it offers;
 Nor a true lover's suit neglect,
 Lest you be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expressions, thought
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
 But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my hope, he's gane a-ranging.
 Dear maidens, then take my advice,
 And let na coyness prove your ruin:
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
 Your suitors will give over wooing.

Then maiden auld you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
 As lang as life; and when ye die,
 With lead^{ing} apes be ever cumber'd:

A punishment, and hated brand,
 With which name of us are contented;
 Then be not wise behind the hand,
 That the mistake may be prevented.

O Virgin kind ! we canna tell
 How many many thanks we owe you,
 For pointing out to us sae well
 Those very rocks that did o'erthrow you ;
 And we your lesson sae shall mind,
 That e'en tho' a' our kin had swore it,
 Ere we shall be an hour behind,
 We'll take a year or twa before it.
 We'll catch all winds blaw in our sails,
 And still keep out our flag and pinnet :
 If young Philander anes assails
 To storm love's fort, then he shall win it :
 We may indeed, for modesty,
 Present our forces for resistance :
 But we shall quickly lay them by,
 And contribute to his assistance.

Tune, Woe's my heart that we should sunder.

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 Those fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
 Alake poor me ! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,

Shall

Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, Heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Though thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Through life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

Tune, Tweed-side.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 Where-e'er my love travels by day,
 Where-ever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in these arms.
 Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin-deep
 Must fade like the gowans of May;
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever, without a decay.

Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

Tune, O'er the hills and far away.

LET meaner beauties use their art,
 And range both Indias for their dress,
 Our fair can captivate the heart
 In native weeds, nor look the less.
 More bright unborrow'd beauties shine;
 The artless sweetness of each face
 Sparkles with lustre more divine
 When freed of ev'ry foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on scorching plains,
 May use the aids of gems and paint,
 Deck with brocade and Tyrian stains
 Features of ruder form and taint.
 What Caledonian ladies wear,
 Or from the flint or woollen twine,
 Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
 Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
 The dirty dress may lovers cool;
 But clean, our maids need have no care,
 If clad in linen, silk, or wool.
 T'adore Myrtilla, who can cease?
 Her active charms our praise demand,
 Clad in a manna from the fleece,
 Spun by her own delightful hand.

Who can behold Calista's eyes,
 Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,
 And mind what artists can devise,
 To rival more superior charms?

Compar'd

Compar'd with those the diamond's dull,
 Lawns, fattins, and the velvet fade ;
 The soul, with her attractions full,
 Can never be by these betray'd.

Sapphira, all o'er native sweets,
 Not the false glare of dress regards,
 Her wit her character completes,
 Her smile her lovers sighs rewards.
 When such first beauties lead the way,
 Th' inferior rank will follow soon ;
 Then arts no longer shall decay,
 But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
 And flax that on the valleys blooms,
 Shall make the naked-nations love,
 And bless the labour of our looms :
 We have enough, nor want from them
 But trifles hardly worth our care ;
 Yet for these trifles let them claim
 What food and cloth we have to spare.

How happy's Scotland in her fair !
 Her amiable daughters shall,
 By acting thus with virtuous care,
 Again the golden age recal :
 Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
 Shall miss a court ; but soon advance
 In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
 Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to sense,
 And lazy pride to useful arts,
 When such dear angels in defence
 Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
 Bless'd guardians of our joys and wealth,
 True fountains of delight and love,
 Long bloom your charms, fix'd be your health,
 Till, tir'd with earth, you mount above.

Nor age, nor the changes of life,
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 Till, tir'd with earth, you mount above.

FIE! 'Liza, scorn the little arts
Which meaner beauties use,
Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,
Unless they still refuse:
Are coy and shy, will seem to frown,
To raise our passion higher;
But when the poor delight is known,
It quickly palls desire.

Come, let's not trifle time away,
Or stop you know not why;
Your blushes and your eyes betray
What death you mean to die:
Let all your maiden fears be gone,
And love no more be crost;
Ah! 'Liza, when the joys are known,
You'll curse the minutes lost.

Tune, Charming Sally.

OF all the trades from east to west,
The cobbler's past contending;
He's like in time to prove the best,
Who ev'ry day is mending.
How great his praise who can amend
The soles of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his last still labours.

CH. COFFEY.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill;
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save Cramy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My

My Cromy is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne ;
 Aft has she wat the bairns mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne :
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the list fou hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end.
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now 'tis scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this mony a year :
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die ;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His hose they cost but half a crown ;
 Yet said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the taylor thief and lown.
 He was the King that wore the crown,
 And thou a man of laigh degree ;
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
 I think the world is a' gane daft,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule :
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hirklen in the ase ?
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty year
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we have had between us twa
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten :

Now

Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be ;
 And if you'd prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loves na strife,
 But she wad guide me if she can ;
 And, to maintain an easy life,
 I aft man yield, though I'm goddman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

Tune, I'll never leave thee.

ONE day I heard Mary say, How shall I leave thee ?
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay, why wilt thou grieve me ?
 Alas ! my fond heart will break, if thou should leave me :
 I'll live and die for thy sake, yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say, has Mary deceiv'd thee ?
 Did e'er her young heart betray new love, that's griev'd
 (thee ?

My constant love ne'er shall stray, thou may believe me.
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day, and never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth, what can relieve thee ?
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe ? this breast shall receive
 (thee.

My passion can ne'er decay, never deceive thee ;
 Delight shall drive pain away, pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad, how shall I leave thee ?
O! that thought makes me sad, I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my Adonis fly ? why does he grieve me ?
 Alas ! my poor heart will break, if I should leave thee.

THE

THE carle he came o'er the craft,
 And his beard new shaven,
 He look'd at me as he'd been daft,
 The carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt awa' I winna hae him;
 Na forsooth I winna hae him;
 For a' his beard's new shaven,
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A filler broach he gae me niest,
 To fasten on my curtchea nooked,
 I wor't a wee upon my breast;
 But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked:
 And sae may his: I winna hae him;
 Na forsooth I winna hae him;
 Ane twice a bairn's a lafs's jest,
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane,
 For he has land and dollars plenty;
 But, wae's me for him! skin and bane
 Is no for a plump lafs of twenty.
 Howt awa' I winna hae him;
 Na forsooth I winna hae him;
 What signifies his dirty riggs
 And cash, without a man wi' them?

But should my cankard daddy gar
 Me tak him, 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware
 That antlers dinna claim their station.
 Howt awa' I winna hae him,
 Na forsooth I winna hae him;
 I'm flect to crak the haly band,
 Sae lawty fays I should na hae him.

JOcky said to Jenny, Jenny, wilt thou do't?
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher good,

For

For my tocher good I winna marry thee.
E'en's ye like, quo' Jocky, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
A stack afore the door, I'll mak a rantin fire,
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry fall we be;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
If ye'll be the lad, I's be the lass mysel;
For ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie-free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

MY sweetest May, let love incline thee,
T'accept a heart which he designs thee;
And, as your constant slave, regard it,
Synce for its faithfulness reward it:
'Tis proof o' shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiss and a smily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are?
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That when in pools I see thee clean them,
They carry away my heart between them;
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain!
Though kith and kin should a' revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they should wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaily,
And gie my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

O my dear lassie ! it is but daffin,
 To had thy wooer up ay niff nassan ;
 That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
 O say Yes ! and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

O Saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnny cumin ;

O saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnny cumin ;

O saw ye Johnny cumin, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnny cumin ;

Wi' his blew bonnet on his head,
 And his dogie rinnin, quo' she,
 And his dogie rinnin ?

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him.

O fee him father, &c.

For he is a gallant lad, and-a well-doin, quo' she,
 And a 'the wark about the town
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
 Gaes wi' me when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him, quo' he,
 What will I do wi' him ?

He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gie him.

I hae twa coats into my kist,
 And ane of them I'll gie him :

And for a merk of mair fee,
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For well do I loe him, quo' she, well do I loe him ;
 For well do I loe him, quo' she, well do I loe him.

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, fee him, fee him :

He'll

He'll had the plough, thrash in the barn,
 And crack with me at e'en; quo' she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

WHat beauteous scenes inchant my sight!
 How closely yonder vine
 Does round the elm's supporting height
 Her wanton ringlets twine?
 That elm, no more a barren shade,
 Is with her clusters crown'd;
 And that same vine, without his aid,
 Had crept along the ground.
Had crept, &c.

Let this, my fair, incline thy heart
 Connubial joys to prove;
 Yet mark what age and care impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on love.
 Know thy own joy, and bless to hear
 Vertumnus loves thy charms,
 The youthful god that rules the year,
 And keeps thy groves from harms.
 While some with short-liv'd passion glow,
 His love remains the same;
 On him alone thy heart bestow,
 And crown his constant flame.
 So shall no frost's untimely pow'r
 Deform thy blooming spring;
 So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,
 Their wonted tribute bring, &c.

COL. **B**E still O ye winds, and attentive ye swains,
 'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my strains.
 The sun never rose on, search all the world through,
 A shepherd so blest'd, or a fair-one so true.

PA. Glide softly, ye streams; ye nymphs, round me
'Tis Colin commands, and enlivens my song. (throng;
Search all the world over, you never will find
A maiden so blest'd, or a shepherd so kind.

COL. When Phebe is with me, the seasons are gay,
And winter's bleak months are as pleasant as May;
The summer's gay verdure still springs as she treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

PH. When Colin is absent, 'tis winter all round;
How faint is the sun-shine, how barren the ground?
Instead of the linnet or nightingale's song,
I hear the hoarse croaking of frogs all day long.

COL. O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
Together will wander, and love shall be by;
Her Colin shall guard her safe all the day long,
Which Phebe at night will repay with a song.

PH. By moon-light, when shadows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain:
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or sleep in a church-yard, if Colin is there.

COL. Ye shepherds, that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your transport, how lasting your pain?
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy from Phebe and me.

PH. Ye nymphs, who the pleasures of love never try'd,
Attend to my strains, and let me be your guide:
Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy from Colin and me.

C H O R U S.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
Our pleasure it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Adds joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

C c

T c M

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
 At noon thou feed'st thy fleecy care;
 Direct me to the sweet retreat,
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat:
 Lest by thy flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide, and lose my way.
 Where rest at noon thy bleating care?
 Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

Is it near the fountain's brink,
 Where thy tender lambkins drink?
 Or is it near the purling glade,
 Beneath the osiers dusky shade,
 As they nimbly skip and bound,
 On the green-bespangl'd ground?
 Where they stray I cannot think;
 Tell me, dear one, where they drink.

Early ere the day did dawn,
 Have I tript it o'er the lawn:
 Thus, o'erwhelm'd with grief, I rove
 To seek thy flock, and find my love,
 In ev'ry vale, on hill, and plain;
 But, alas! I seek in vain:
 Reward my toil, and ease my care,
 Tell me, charming shepherd, where.

FAIREST of the virgin throng,
 Dost thou seek thy swain's abode?
 See yon fertile vale, along

The new-worn path the flocks have trod.
 Pursue the prints their feet have made,
 And they shall guide thee to the shade.

HASTE my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
 Our am'rous journey through this dreary waste;
 Haste,

Haste, my rain-deer, still, still, thou art too slow ;
 Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread,
 Soon will the sun withdraw his chearful ray ;
 Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
 No lay unfung to cheat the tedious way.

The watry length of these unjoyous moors
 Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel ;
 Through these I fly to her my soul adores ;
 Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
 My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires :
 Fly, my rain-deer, fly swifter than the wind ;
 Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
 And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair ;
 Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
 Her ardeless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

Bat, lo ! with graceful motion there she swims,
 Gently removing each ambitious wave,
 The crouding waves transported clasp her limbs :
 When, when, O when shall I such freedoms have !

In vain, ye envious streams, so fast ye flow,
 To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze ;
 From ev'ry touch ye more transparent grow,
 And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.

Soon as the day begins to waste,
 Straight to the well-known door I haste,
 And, rapping there, I'm forc'd to stay,
 While Molly hides her work with care,
 Adjusts her tucker and her hair,
 And nimble Beckie scours away.

Ent'ring, I see in Molly's eyes
 A sudden smiling joy arise,
 As quickly check'd by virgin shame :
 She drops a curt'sy, steals a glance,
 Receives a kiss, one step advance.
 If such I love, am I to blame ?

I sit, and talk of twenty things,
 Of South-sea stock, or death of kings,
 While only Yes or No cries Molly ;
 As cautious she conceals her thoughts,
 As others do their private faults ;
 Is this her prudence, or her folly ?

Parting, I kiss her lip and cheek,
 I hang about her snowy neck,
 And say, Farewel, my dearest Molly :
 Yet still I hang, and still I kiss.
 Ye learned sages, say, is this
 In me th' effect of love, or folly ?

No ; both by sober reason move,
 She prudence shews, and I true love,
 No charge of folly can be laid :
 Then, till the marriage-rites proclaim'd
 Shall join our hands, let us be nam'd
 The constant swain, and virtuous maid.

Tune, Logan water.

MY Chloe is the snow-drop fair,
 Curling endive is her hair,
 The fragrant jes'mine is her breath,
 White kidney-beans her even teeth,
 Two daisies are her shining eyes,
 Her breasts like swelling mushrooms rise,
 Her waist the tall and upright fir ;
 Tut, ah ! her heart is cucumber.

Blow,

BLow, ye bleak winds, around my head,
 And soothe my heart's corroding care ;
 Flash round my brows, ye lightning red,
 And blast the laurels planted there :
 But may the maid, where-e'er she be,
 Think not of my distress nor me.

Let all the traces of our love
 Be ever blotted from her mind,
 May from her breast my vows remove,
 And no remembrance leave behind
But may the maid, where-e'er she be, &c.

O! may I ne'er behold her more,
 For she has robb'd my soul of rest ;
 Wisdom's assistance is too poor,
 To calm the tempest in my breast.

Come, death, O! come, thou friendly sleep,
 And with my sorrows lay me low ;
 And should the gentle virgin weep,
 Nor sharp nor lasting be her woe.

YE swains that are courting a maid,
 Be warn'd and instructed by me :
 Though small experience I've had,
 I'll give you good counsel and free.

The women are changeable things,
 And seldom a moment the same ;
 As time a variety brings,
 Their looks new humours proclaim,

But who in his love would succeed,
 And his mistress's favour obtain,
 Must mind it as sure as his creed,
 To make hay while the sun is serene.

There's a season to conquer the fair,
 And that's when they're merry and gay :

To catch the occasion take care ;
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll essay.

Tune, Gently touch the warbling lyre.

YOU I love, by all that's true,
 More than all things here below,
 With a passion far more great
 Than e'er creature loved yet :
 And yet still you cry, Forbear,
 Love no more, or love not here.

Bid the miser leave his ore ;
 Bid the wretched sigh no more ;
 Bid the old be young again ;
 Bid the nun not think on man :
 Sylvia, when you this can do,
 Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of choice, but fate ;
 What makes me love, makes you to hate :
 Sylvia, then do what you will ;
 Ease or cure, torment or kill ;
 Be kind or cruel, false or true,
 Love I must, and none but you.

Tune, Leith wynd.

MY Celia's neck, more white than snow,
 With transport I descry ;
 Eternal sun-shine on her brow,
 And pleasure in her eye.
 What though she yields in charms of face
 To part of womenkind ?
 Her's is the soul's attractive grace,
 And beauty of the mind.

Let others feast their ravish'd sight
 On charms that soon decay ;

Poor empty phantom of delight,
 And pageant of a day !
 From her the virtues heav'nly train !
 Their influence mild dispense ;
 While, willing, I embrace the chain,
 A captive to good sense.

Let idiots, sunk below mankind,
 Their blifs in beauty place,
 Preferring, by dark error blind,
 A Venus to a Grace.

But me the good, the chaste, yet kind,
 Wound more than beauty's dart ;
 Unbias'd rectitude of mind,
 And honesty of heart.

Thus, while in Hymen's sacred bands,
 By charms of person led,
 The vulgar join their plighted hands,
 Of two one flesh is made.
 But us one common wish shall bound,
 One mutual fear controul,
 And of two hearts the string shall sound
 An unison of soul.

TO beauty compar'd pale gold I despise,
 No diamonds can sparkle like Celia's bright eyes ;
 Let misers with pleasure survey their bright mass,
 With far greater rapture I view my fine lass ;
 Gold lock'd in my coffers for me has no charms ;
 But its value I own,
 And I prize it alone,
 When it tempts blooming beauty to fly to my arms.

AH ! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,
 And lay by your terrible glances ;

We

We live in an age that's more civil and wise,
Than to follow the rules of romances.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow not long time for courting;
And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out,
For all maidens are mortal at fourteen. DORSET.

Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wint'ry storms are gone,
And gentle radiance glads the sky.
The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we see!

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.
Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day:
For soon, too soon, it will be night.
Arise, my love, and come away.

Tune, Sweet are the charms, &c.

FLORELLA, first in charms and wit,
In whose enchanting speaking eyes
All the bright soul's perfections sit,
And such resistless magic lies:
O! can you, thus divinely fair,
Suppose your Damon insincere?
To all the circles of the fair,
That grace the court, the ball, the play,

Let

Let my love-doubting nymph repair,
 And ev'ry shining form survey;
 And, if she meets her equal there,
 Conclude her Damon insincere.

Or, if my fair should chance to pass,
 What art for beauty's use design'd,
 The bright, unfully'd, faithful glass,
 Itself an emblem of her mind;
 Let her behold her image there,
 And own I can't be insincere.

Let her survey the rosy bloom
 O'er all the lovely face confess,
 And let her sparkling eyes assume
 The charms that rob my soul of rest;
 And then, to bless my ravish'd ear,
 Confess I can't be insincere.

Tune, Tweed-side.

BEhold the sweet flowers around,
 With all the bright beauties they wear;
 Yet none on the plain can be found,
 So lovely as Celia is fair.
 Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,
 No longer in silence remain;
 O send a fond lover your notes,
 To soften my Celia's disdain.

Oft-times, in a flowery vale,
 I breathe my complaint in a song;
 Fair Flora attends my soft tale,
 And sweetens the border along.
 But Celia, whose breath might perfume
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 She frowning pronounces my doom,
 Regardless of all I can say.

Come,

Come, Rosalind, O ! come and see
 What pleasures are in store for thee ;
 The flowers in all their sweets appear,
 The fields their gayest beauties wear.

The joyful birds in ev'ry grove
 Do warble out their notes of love :
 For thee they sing, the roses bloom,
 And Colin thee invites to come.

Come, Rosalind, and Colin join,
 My tender flocks and all are thine :
 If love and Rosalind be here,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.

Come see a cottage and a swain ;
 Thou can't my love nor gifts disdain :
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For Colin calls thee, haste away.

AH! Colin, could I think that you
 To Rosalind would prove but true :
 'Tis hard for maidens to believe,
 Young men so prone are to deceive.

The warblers do their music yield
 On ev'ry bush, in ev'ry field :
 But while their music does me charm,
 Colin perhaps may seek my harm.

If Rosalind should Colin take,
 And he his vows of love forsake,
 After he has my favour won,
 Poor Rosalind is then undone.

Thy love and gifts I will revere,
 If Colin's love is but sincere ;
 Thy Rosalind will not delay,
 But to her Colin haste away.

Tune,

Tune, Happy hours.

Freedom is a real treasure,
 Love a dream, all false and vain;
 Short, uncertain is the pleasure,
 Sure and lasting is the pain.
 A sincere and tender passion
 Some ill planet over-rules;
 Ah, how blind is inclination!
 Fate and women doat on fools.

WOLSELEY.

HOW brimful of nothing's the life of a beau?
 They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do;
 Nor nothing to talk of, for nothing they know.
 Such, such is the life of a beau,
 Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air;
 Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair;
 And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter, and stare.

For nothing, at night, to the play-house they croud;
 To mind nothing done there, they always are proud,
 But to bow, and to grin, and talk nothing aloud.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball;
 And for nothing, at cards a fair partner they call;
 For they still must be beasted who've nothing at all.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear, (fear;
 For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing to
 They nothing are no where, who nothing are here.

Kindness hath resistless charms,
 All besides can weakly move;
 Fiercest anger it disarms,
 And clips the wings of flying love.

Beauty

Beauty does the heart invade,
 Kindness only can persuade ;
 It gilds the lover's servile chain,
 And makes the slave grow pleas'd and vain.

Lovely charmer, dearest creature,
 Kind invader of my heart ;
 Grac'd with ev'ry gift of nature ;
 Grac'd with ev'ry help of art.
 Oh ! could I but make thee love me,
 As thy charms my heart has mov'd,
 None could e'er be blest'd above me ;
 None could e'er be more belov'd. MOTTEUX.

That all men are beggars we plainly may see,
 For beggars there are of ev'ry degree,
 Though none are so blest'd or so happy as we,
 Which no body can deny, deny,
 Which no body can deny.

The tradesman he begs that his wares you would buy,
 Then begs you'd believe that the price is not high ;
 Swears 'tis at prime cost, but he tells you a lye,
 Which no body can deny, &c.

The lawyer he begs that you'd give him a fee, (plea,
 Though he reads not your brief, nor regards he your
 But advises your foe how to get a decree.

The courtier he begs for a pension or place,
 A title, a ribband, or smile from his Grace,
 'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face.

But if by mishap he should chance to get none,
 He begs you'd believe the whole nation's undone ;
 There's but one honest man, and himself is that one.

The

The fair-one she labours whole mornings at home,
New charms to create, and much paint to consume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom.

The lover he begs the dear nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone, yet with languishing eye
Still begs he would stay, for a maid she can't die.

THat the world is a lottery, what man can doubt?
When born we're put in, when dead we're drawn
(out;

And though tickets are bought by the fool and the wise,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten blanks to a prize.

*Sing tantara rara, fools all, fools all,
Sing tantara rara, fools all.*

The court has itself a bad lottery's face,
Where ten draw a blank before one draws a place.
For a ticket in law who would give you thanks!
For that wheel contains scarce any but blanks.

Sing tantara rara, keep out, &c.

'Mongst doctors and lawyers some good ones are found,
But, alas! they are rare as the ten thousand pound.
How scarce is the prize, if with women you deal?
Take care how you marry—far Oh! in that wheel,

Sing tantara rara, blanks all, &c.

That the stage is a lottery, by all 'tis agreed,
Where ten plays are damn'd ere one can succeed;
The blanks are so many, the prizes so few,
We all are undone, unless kindly you

Sing tantara rara, clap all, &c.

TO heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my Kitty's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.

D d

Pleas'd

Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

When love and youth cannot make way,
 Nor with the fair avail,
 To lend to Cupid's gentle sway
 What art can then prevail?

I'll tell you, Strephon, a receipt
 Of a most sov'reign pow'r;
 If you the stubborn would defeat,
 Let drop a golden show'r.

This method try'd enamour'd Jove,
 Before he could obtain
 The cold, regardless Danae's love,
 Or conquer her disdain.

By Cupid's self I have been told,
 He never wounds a heart
 So deep, as when he tips with gold
 The fatal piercing dart.

When here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay?
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
 All look'd as joy could never fail,
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But now, since good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of shepherds and the pride,

Now

Now Arno's sons must all give place
 To northern swains, an iron race :
 All taste of pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more :
 The muses droop, the Goths prevail :
 Adieu ! the sweets of Arno's vale.

THE new-flown birds, the shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May ;
 Come, Pastorella, now the spring
 Makes ev'ry landkip gay :
 Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
 O'er half the plain extend,
 Or in reflecting fountains play'd,
 Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come, taste the season in its prime,
 And bless the rising year :
 O ! how my soul grows sick of time,
 Till thou, my love, appear.
 Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
 Warm in thy beauty's shine,
 When thy dear flock shall sport and play,
 And intermix with mine.

For thee of doves a milk-white pair
 In silken bands I hold,
 Far thee a firstling lambkin fair
 I keep within the fold.
 If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkins please,
 My spotless heart, without deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these.

IN vain the force of female charms,
 In vain their offer'd love ;

Their smile, their air, nor all their charms,

My passion can remove :

For all that's fair and good I find

In Chloe's form, in Chloe's mind.

Let Celia all her wit display,

That glitters while it kills ;

My heart disdains the feeble ray,

Nor light nor heat it feels :

For all that's bright and gay I find

In Chloe's form, in Chloe's mind.

Fair Flavia shines in gems of gold,

And uses all her arts ;

Not richest chains my heart can hold,

Unpierc'd by diamond darts :

For all that's rich and fair I find

In Chloe's form, in Chloe's mind.

Those notes, sweet Myra, now give o'er,

That once had pow'r to wound ;

When Chloe speaks they are no more,

But mix with common sound :

All grace, all harmony I find

In Chloe's form, in Chloe's mind.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,

The bridal of the earth and sky,

The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,

For thou, with all thy sweets must die.

Sweet rose, so fragrant and so brave,

Dazzling the rash beholder's eye,

Thy root is ever in its grave,

And thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,

A box, where sweets compacted lie,

Not long ere all thy fragrant posies,

With all their sweets, must fade and die.

Sweet

Sweet love alone, sweet wedded love,
 To thee no period is assign'd ;
 Thy tender joys by time improve,
 In death itself the most refin'd.

Tune, If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.

When, betimes in the morn, to the fields we repair,
 There to range where the game may be seated,
 At the sound of the horn, all disturbance and care
 Fly away at the noise, as defeated.
 When the hounds give the cry, care and strife then does
 Having nothing at all to oppose it ; (fly,
 Away goes the fox to his holes in the rocks,
 As the lawyers and statesmen their closet.

When the game breaks away, then we call up the
 And raise up a hallo to cheer them ; (hounds,
 So the echo, that then through the woods does resound,
 Rejoices their hearts that do hear them :
 Then Jingle doth roar, hearing Jowler before,
 Rare music make Sweet-lips and Mally ;
 The musical noise makes the huntsmen rejoice,
 And the squat makes the pack for to rally.

When, casting about, we find her anew,
 Then we call up the hounds that are straying ;
 Coming up with a shout, we give them a view,
 While we're able to keep her a-playing.
 And when she grows weak, and her life is at stake,
 And we're able to make her a seizure,
 'Tis then at our will, to save, or to kill,
 Then home we return at our leisure.

And when we come home, we get as good cheer
 As our kind loving dames can provide us ;
 We drink and carouse with strong ale and beer,
 Having nothing at all to divide us.

We rise in a ring, we dance and we sing,
 We've enough of our own, need not borrow :
 Can the court of a king yield a pleasanter thing ?
 We're to-day just as we'll be to-morrow.

YE madcaps of England, who merry would make,
 And spend all your fortune for jollity's sake,
 Come over to Flanders, and there you shall see
 How merry we'll make, how jovial we'll be.
 Sing tantara rara, boys drink, boys drink,
 Sing tantara rara, boys drink.

If you are a citizen broke by mischance,
 And would by your courage your credit advance,
 'Tis needless to take any thought for your lives,
 Providing you leave a good friend by your wives.
 Sing tantara rara, boys drink, &c.

And when that ye come to your enemies land,
 Where hens, geese, and turkeys ye have at command,
 There take 'em, and have 'em, or let 'em alone,
 You must go and catch 'em, or else you'll get none.
 Sing tantara rara, make shift, &c.

And then if ye come to your enemies walls,
 Where many a gallant young gentleman falls,
 If ye die, when ye've done the best that ye can,
 The captain rewards ye, There dies a brave man.
 Sing tantara rara, that's all, &c.

And if you should lose but an arm or a leg,
 The officer gives you his pafs for to beg ;
 Although that he promise you some better pay,
 Yet that never happens, no not till doom's day.
 Sing tantara rara, long time, &c.

Tune,

Tune, *Jessy my own.*

SINCE, my fair one, you ask me, what life I would chuse,
I prithee distrust not the truth of my muse;
Though I tell you in rhyme, yet believe me sincere,
I'll speak in plain terms, have the patience to hear.

To thy self, thy dear self, are my wishes confin'd;
I sigh for your person, but doat on your mind:
So easy your conduct, your wit and your air,
'Tis the meanest perfection you have, that you're fair.

I'd repine not at fortune, abounding or small,
Since without thee is nothing, and with thee is all:
For a needful support ne'ertheless I would move;
'Tis hard for a lady to live upon love.

To the town, with content, I would soon bid adieu;
Since I find all politeness is center'd in you:
To some quiet retirement we both would repair,
Your joy my ambition, your pleasure my care.

Thus, my angel, our lives would roll gently away,
And love be the business alone of the day.
One article more will complete my design,
That this may be your wish as much as 'tis mine.

Tune, *Why heaves my fond bosom, &c.*

MY Colin did ask me, what life I would chuse?
(To answer his questions I will not refuse),
If to live in the country, or town be my choice?
If solitude pleases, or hurry and noise? —
Whate'er pleases Colin, must always please me;
With him I am happy where-ever I be:
The amusement in town with my Colin I'll share;
The country delights me if Colin is there.

The country, my charmer, the country I love;
But then, my Eliza, the country will prove

Distasteful

Disasteful to Colin, if you are not there,
 His pleasures to heighten, and in them to share.
 Will then my Eliza go chearfully down
 With me to the country, and leave the gay town?
 And will the dear creature, to please her fond swain,
 Give up her assemblies, and balls, without pain?

Though once an assembly could give me delight,
 Though once I was fond of a ball every night;
 Yet now these amusements insipid must prove,
 And yield to the pleasures of friendship and love.
 In these thy Eliza true happiness finds,
 A happiness form'd on an union of minds.
 Then with my dear Colin I'll chearfully go,
 And give up the town with its nonsense and show.

Thy chearful compliance, my charmer, my wife,
 Has giv'n thy fond Colin new spirit and life.
 I never knew happiness till I knew thee:—
 Is wedlock a bondage?—I would not be free.
 In my dear Eliza I'm perfectly blest,
 And nothing from henceforth my peace can molest:
 Ev'n friendship, the best of all blessings in life,
 Ev'n friendship itself I enjoy in a wife.

Tune, She rose and loot me in.

TRansporting charmer of my heart,
 Dear cause of all my joy,
 Whose image fixed in my breast,
 Does all my thoughts employ!
 Though length'ning plains between us stretch,
 Vast mountains 'twixt us rise,
 Spite of all distance, mighty love
 Presents thee to my eyes,
 Whene'er I take my silent walk
 Along the lonely glade,

Kind

Kind fancy to my raptur'd thoughts
 Presents my charming maid
 When from the mountain's tow'ring height
 Wide-opening scenes I view,
 Hills, woods, and lawns my eyes survey,
 My soul sees only you.

SUmmer's heat the town invades,
 All repair to cooling shades :
 How inviting, how delighting,
 Are the hills and flow'ry meads ?

Here where lovely Hampstead stands,
 And the neighbouring vale commands,
 What surprising prospects rising ?
 All around adorn the lands.

Here ever woody mounts arise,
 There verdant lawns delight our eyes ;
 Where Thames wanders in meanders,
 Lofty domes approach the skies.

Here are grottos, purling streams,
 And shades defying Titan's beams,
 Rosy bowers, fragrant flowers,
 Lovers wishes, poets themes.

Of the crystal bubbling well,
 Life and strength the current swell :
 Health and pleasure, heavenly treasure,
 Smiling here, united dwell.

Here, nymphs and swains, indulge your hearts,
 Share the joys our scene imparts ;
 Here be strangers to all dangers,
 All but those of Cupid's darts.

Tune,

Tune, *Charming month of May.*

O What joys the country yields !
 Charming joys the country yields,
 When wild roses make sweet posies,
 And new verdure decks the fields.

O ! how pleasant 'tis to view,
 Wondrous pleasant 'tis to view
 Fresh Aurora vie with Flora,
 And the cowslips shine with dew !

How delightful 'tis to hear !
 O ! delightful 'tis to hear,
 Blackbirds singing, and woods ringing,
 While sweet Zephyrs fan the air !

O ! how pleasing 'tis to praise,
 More than pleasing 'tis to praise,
 In green bowers, crown'd with flowers,
 Chloe in unstudy'd lays !

But how charming 'tis to spy ?
 More than charming 'tis to spy,
 When pursuing love, sweet ruin,
 Blushing cheeks and down-cast eye !

She. A ND canst thou leave thy Nancy,
 And quit thy native shore ?
 It comes into my fancy,
 I ne'er shall see thee more.

He. Yes, I must leave my Nancy,
 To humble haughty Spain ;
 Let fears ne'er fill thy fancy,
 For we shall meet again.

She. Amidst the foaming billows,
 Where thund'ring cannons rore,
 You'll think on these green willows,
 And wish yourself on shore.

He.

He. I fear no land nor water,
 I fear no sword nor fire ;
 For sweet revenge and slaughter
 Are all that I desire.

She. May guardian gods protect thee
 From water, fire, and steel ;
 And may no fears affect thee,
 Like those which now I feel.

He. I leave to Heaven's protection
 My life, my only dear !
 You have my sole affection,
 So still conclude me here.

OH! where will you hurry, my dearest,
 Say, say to what clime or what shore ?
 Will you tear him from me the sincerest,
 That ever lov'd mortal before ?

Ah ! cruel hard-hearted to press him,
 And force the dear youth from my arms ;
 Restore him, that I may care for him,
 And shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,
 And make but a scoff at my woes ;
 You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,
 I'll follow where-ever he goes.

Think not of the merciless ocean
 My soul any terror can have ;
 For soon as the ship makes its motion,
 So soon shall the sea be my grave.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd place
 With never-fading love ?

There,

There, Phenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there ;

I see thy with'ring head reclin'd,
With envy and despair :

One common fate we both must prove ;
You die with envy, I with love.

J GAY.

MUSIC has power to melt the soul,
By beauty nature's sway'd ;
Each can the universe controul,
Without the other's aid.

But here together both appear,
And force united try ;
Music enchants the list'ning ear,
And beauty charms the eye.

What cruelty these pow'rs to join,
These transports who can bear ?
Oh ! let the sound be less divine,
Or look the nymph less fair.

COLIN, one day, in angry mood,
Because Myrtilia, whom he lov'd,
Laugh'd at his flame, and mock'd his sighs,
Thus fervently to Jove applies :
O Jove ! thou sov'reign god above,
Who know'st the pains of slighted love,
Hear a poor mortal's pray'r, and take
All the whole sex, for pity's sake ;
And then we men might live at ease,
Secure of happiness and peace.

Jove kindly heard, he pray'd not twice,
And took the women in a trice.

When

When Colin saw the coast was clear,
 For not a single girl was there,
 Reflecting with himself, 'Twas kind,
 Says he, to gratify my mind:
 But now my passion's o'er, O Jove!
 Give me Myrtila back, my love!
 Let me with her on earth be blest'd,
 And keep in heaven all the rest.

When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,
 The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;
 With art divine the lyre she strung,
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quiv'ring wire,
 The eager breast was all on fire;
 And when she join'd the vocal lay,
 The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had she added still to these
 Thy softer chaster power to please,
 Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
 Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pin'd beneath disdain,
 She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain,
 Despair her soul had ne'er possess'd
 To dash on rocks the tender breast.

When Fanny, blooming fair, first met my ravish'd
 (light;
 Caught with her shape and air, I felt a strange delight:
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd, admiring ev'ry part,
 And ev'ry feature prais'd, she stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes young smiling loves appear;
 There Cupid basking lies, his shafts are hoarded there:

E c

Her

Her blooming cheeks are dy'd with colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess the lucky hand of Jove,
Her features all express the beauteous queen of love.
What flames my nerves invade, when I behold the
Of that too lovely maid rise, suing to be prest ! (breast
Venus round Fanny's waist hath her own cestus bound,
With guardian Cupids grac'd, who sport the circle
(round :
How happy will he be who shall her zone unloose ?
That bliss to all but me may heav'n and she refuse.

Britons, to arms yourselves prepare,
Honour and glory call to war.
Britons, to arms yourselves prepare, &c.
Renowned sons of ancient fame,
Do not your noble courage stain,
Nor submit tamely to proud Spain.
O rare Britain !

You, who reign masters of the seas,
Shake off inglorious sloth and ease ;
Exert yourselves with force and might,
And shew that Britons yet can fight,
And do your injur'd nation right.

Hark ! how the trumpet to arms doth sound,
Where there's nothing but blood and wounds ;
Drums a-beating, colours flying,
Cannons roaring, men a-dying :
These are the noble effects of war.

Display your colours, mount your guns,
Batter their castles and their towns :
And let your thund'ring cannons roar,
Till they the wonted peace restore,
And the proud dons insult no more.

Then

Then why should we be daunted at all,
 For to obey our general's call ;
 Fighting for our church and laws,
 Dying in so just a cause ?
 These are the noble effects of war. *O rare, &c.*

I Have vented my griefs on the ground,
 And lov'd my Myrtilia in vain ;
 Whilst attentive the deer stood around,
 To hear wretched Damon complain :
 The blackbird in mourning sat by,
 And tears from the poplar did flow,
 The winds in compassion did sigh,
 Kind echo repeated my woe.

Would Myrtilia but patiently hear,
 What the logic of nature would prove,
 She would learn from the blackbird and deer
 To pity, because I'm in love.
 But she scorns me, and flies to the plain,
 Pleas'd only with bleating of sheep,
 She regards them much more than her swain ;
 Thus Damon, poor Damon, must weep.

Sure the gods have employ'd all their art
 To make her so fatally fair,
 And have plac'd in her breast an hard heart
 To charm, then to make me despair :
 But to wish her less fair, were a sin ;
 O Venus ! then pity my moan,
 Make Myrtilia's heart tender as mine,
 Or Damon's as hard as her own.

YE gentle gales, that fan the air,
 And wanton in the shady grove,
 Go whisper to my absent fair,
 My secret pain, and endless love :

And, in the sultry heat of day,
 When she does seek some cool retreat,
 Throw spicy odours in her way,
 And scatter roses at her feet :
 That when she sees their colours fade,
 And all their pride neglected lie,
 Let that instruct the charming maid,
 That sweets not timely gather'd die.

And when she lays her down to rest,
 Let some propitious vision show,
 And tell who loves Camilla best,
 And what for her I'd undergo.

Tune, Colin's complaint.

ON the banks of the sweet-flowing Tay
 A shepherd desponding reclin'd ;
 Poor Damon, alas ! he did say,
 You may die now, since Delia's unkind:
 When I liv'd in her favour before,
 Fair peace did my moments employ ;
 She has left me, and what have I more
 That can give either pleasure or joy ?

Ah ! how could I think the fair maid
 Would deign to so humble a swain,
 When so many gay shepherds invade,
 And follow her over the plain ?
 My flock's all the treasure I have,
 And a small one, with others compar'd :
 I was pleas'd with what Providence gave,
 And its favour most thankfully shar'd.

But since Delia deserted the vale,
 My sheep all neglected do stray,
 And my pipe, that enliven'd the dale,
 I have thrown as quite useless away.

Ye warblers that tune the soft strain,
 And chant it along every bough,
 I pray you your music refrain,
 I've no taste for your melody now.

My bleaters, your pasture forego,
 And soothe my complaint with your cries ;
 And ye breezes that gently do blow,
 Indulge a reply to my sighs ;
 And, Delia, oh ! hear my last wish,
 While I breathe, it must center in you ;
 A more opulent swain you may bless,
 But you never can find one more true.

Tune, Tweed-side.

IN Richmond's cool grottos, reclin'd
 On a verdant soft mossy bed ;
 Who would to a court be confin'd,
 When such bliss is possess'd in the shade ?
 The Thames that flows smoothly along,
 A witness to lovers sad pains,
 Inspires their amorous song,
 And echoes in rills to their strains.

Sweet warble the lark and the thrush,
 In every field and each grove ;
 The nightingale too from each bush
 Replies to the soft cooing dove.
 The Zephyrs, that play 'midst the trees,
 Spread a genial fragrance around,
 And refresh with a sweet cooling breeze,
 The flow'rs that enamel the ground.

The rustic, polite, and refin'd,
 All nature's vast pleasures in view ;
 New graces still rise to the mind,
 And transports each hour renew.

Were mortals their stations to chuse,
 In lieu of their paradise lost,
 Each retreat but this they'd refuse,
 And find it as blest'd as the first.

Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep ;
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad ;
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
 Thy father bred me great annoy.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile ;
 But smile not as thy father did,
 To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid :
 For in thine eye his look I see,
 The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugar'd words to move,
 His tempting face and flatt'ring chear,
 In time to me did not appear ;
 But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
 That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth ;
 Let never any after me
 Submit unto thy courtesy ;
 For, if they do, O ! cruel thou
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
 To yield thee all a maiden durst ;

Thou

Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,
 Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

I wish I were a maid again,
 From young mens flatt'ry I'd refrain ;
 For now, unto my grief, I find,
 They all are perjur'd and unkind :
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
 Witnefs my babe lies in my arms.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a nurse,
 And lull my young son on my lap,
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap :
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild
 Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee ;
 Nor pity her deserved smart,
 Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
 For, too soon trusting, latest finds
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thriftless son has play'd ;
 Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
 Preferr'd the wars to thee and me :
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
 Make him eat-acorns with the swine.

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
 Perhaps at death, for who can tell
 Whether the judge of heaven and hell,
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,
 And laid the dear deceiver low.

I wish

With I were into the bounds
 Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair;
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Below, my boy, &c.

When Phebus bright the azure skies
 With golden rays enlight'neth,
 He makes all nature's beauties rise,
 Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth:
 Amongst all those he makes his choice,
 And with delight goes thorough,
 With radiant beams and silver streams,
 O'er Leader haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
 In equal length divideth,
 Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
 Nae langer he abideth:
 Then Flora Queen, with mantle green,
 Casts aff her former sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with Ceres' fell,
 In Leader haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
 And shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their flocks to feed,
 The hills and haughs commending;
 With cur and kent upon the bent,
 Sing to the sun good morrow,
 And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
 Than Leader haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader side,
 Surmounting my describing,

With

With rooms fae rare, and windows fair,
 Like Dedalus' contriving :
 Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In sooth it hath nae marrow ;
 It stands as sweet on Leader side,
 As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lists to ride,
 They'll hear the mavis singing ;
 Into St Leonard's banks she'll bide,
 Sweet birks her head o'er-hinging :
 The lintwhite loud and progne proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into St Leonard's banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wings she sporteth ;
 But vows she'll flee far frae the tree
 Where Philomel resorteth :
 By break of day, the lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good morrow,
 I'll streak my wing, and mounting sing
 O'er Leader haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wantan-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
 The East and Western Mainfes,
 The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
 The corn are good in Blainthes ;
 Where aits are fine, and fald by kind,
 That if ye search all thorough
 Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
 Than Leader haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn-Mill bog, and Whiteslade Shaws,
 The fearful hare she hunteth ;
 Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
 And Chapel-wood frequenteth :
 Yet when she irks, to Kaidly birks,
 She rins and sighs for sorrow.

That

That she should leave sweet Leader haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying?
The started hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her speed relying.

But yet her strength it fails at length,
Nae beidding can the borrow
In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman or Hag's,
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
With sight and scent pursue her,
Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can rescue her:
O'er dub and dike, o'er seugh and syke,
She'll rin the fields all thorough,
Till fail'd, she fa's in Leader haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington, and Cowden-knows,
Where Homes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange with the milk-white ews,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
The birds that flees throw Reedpath trees,
And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and sing, sweet Leader haughs,
And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth;
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blythe fowk kend nae sorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

AS I came in by Tivot-side,
 And by the braes of Branksome,
 There first I saw my bonny bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome ;
 Her skin was faster than the down,
 And white as alabaster ;
 Her hair a shining wavy brown ;
 In straightness nane surpass'd her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising :
 Nae silken hose, with gooshets fine,
 Or shoon with glancing laces,
 On her fair leg, forbad to shine,
 Well-shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her claithing ;
 Even these o'er mickle ;—mair delyte
 She'd given cled wi' naithing :
 She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
 By which a burney trotted ;
 On her I glowr'd my faul away,
 While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,
 And but designing, charm'd me.
 Hurry'd by love, close to my breast,
 I grasp'd this fund of blisses ;
 Wha smil'd, and said, Without a priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I coudna want her ;
 What she demanded, ilka charm
 Of her's pled, I should grant her.

Since

Since Heaven had dealt to me a routh,
 Straight to the kirk I led her,
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.

A Slist me all ye tuneful bards,
 O! lend me all your skill,
 In choicest lays, that I may praise
 Sweet Nanny of the hill,
 Dear Nanny, sweet Nanny, dear Nanny of the hill.
 How gay the glittering beam of morn,
 That gilds the cryстал rill?
 But far more bright than morning light,
 Shines Nanny of the hill.
Dear Nanny, shines Nanny, &c.

The gayest flowers, so fair of late,
 The evening-damps will kill;
 But every day, more fresh and gay,
 Blooms Nanny of the hill
Dear Nanny, blooms Nanny, &c.

Old time arrests his rapid flight,
 And keeps his motion still,
 Resolv'd to spare a face so fair,
 As Nanny's of the hill.
Dear Nanny, fair Nanny, &c.

To form my charmer, nature has
 United all her skill;
 Wit, beauty, truth, and rosy youth,
 Deck Nanny of the hill
Dear Nanny, deck Nanny, &c.

And now, around the festive board,
 Your jovial bumpers fill,
 Each take his glass to my dear lass,
 Sweet Nanny of the hill.
Dear Nanny, sweet Nanny, &c.

YOU

YOU that love mirth, attend to my song;

A moment you never can better employ:
Sawney and Teague were trudging along,

A bonny Scots lad, and an Irish dear Shoy:

They never before had seen a wind-mill,

Nor had they heard ever of any such name;

As they were walking,

And merrily talking,

At last, by mere chance, to a wind-mill they came.

Ha! ha! says Sawney, what do ye ca' that?

To tell the right name o't I am at a loss.

Teague very readily answer'd the Scot,

Indeed I believe 'tis Shaint Patrick's cross.

Says Sawney, you'll find your sell mickle mistaken,

For it is Saint Andrew's cross, I can swear;

For there is his bonnet,

And tartans hang on it;

The plad and the trews our apostle did wear.

Nay, o' my shoul, Shoy, thou tellest all lees,

For that, I will swear, is Shaint Patrick's coat,
I shce't him in Ireland buying the freeze;

And that, I am sure, is the same that he bought:

And he is a Shaint, much better than ever

Made either the covenant's sholemn, or league:

For o' my shalwathion,

He was my relation,

And had a great kindness for honest poor Teague.

Wherefore, says Teague, I will, by my shoul,

Lay down my naphackle, and take out my beads,
And under his holy cross set I will fall,

And thay Pater-noster, and some of my creeds.

So Teague began, with humble devotion,

To kneel before Saint Patrick's cross:

The wind fell a-blowing,

And set it a-going,

And it gave our dear Shoy a terrible tofs.

Sawney tehee'd, to see how poor Teague
 Lay scratching his ears, and roll'd on the grafs,
 Swearing it surely was the Deil's whirligig,
 And none, he roar'd out, of Shaint Patrick's cross.
 But ilh it indeed, cries he in a passion,
 The cross of our Shaint that has crossh me so fore ?
 Upon my shalwashion,
 This shall be a cawshion,
 To trust to Shaint Patrick's kindnessh no more.

Sawney to Teague then merrily cry'd,
 This patron of your's is a very sad loon,
 To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,
 For kneeling before him, and begging a boen :
 Let me advise you to serve our Saint Andrew,
 He, by my saul, was a special gude man ;
 For since your Saint Patrick
 Has serv'd you sic a trick,
 I'd see him hang'd up ere I'd serve him again.

BY the mole on your bubbies, so round and so white,
 By the mole on your neck, where my arms would
 By whatever mole else you have got out of sight, (unite,
 I beseech thee to hear me, dear Molly !

By the kifs just a starting from off thy moist lips,
 By the delicate up and down jut of thy hips,
 By the tip of thy tongue, which all tongues far out-tips,
I beseech, &c.

By the down on your bosom, on which my soul dies,
 By the thing of all things, which you love as your eyes,
 By the thoughts you lie down with, and those when you
I beseech, &c. (rise,

By all the soft pleasure a virgin can share,
 By the critical minute no virgin can bear,
 By the question I burn for to ask, but don't dare,
I beseech thee to hear me, dear Molly !

Tune,

Tune, *Tweed-side.*

OH! think not the maid whom you scorn
 With riches delighted can be;
 Had I a great prince's been born,
 My Billy had dear been to me:
 In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
 In love there is nothing but charms;
 On others your treasures bestow,
 Give Billy alone to these arms.

In title and wealth what is lost,
 In tenderness oft is repaid;
 Too much a great fortune may cost,
 Well purchas'd may be the poor maid:
 Let gold's empty show cheat the great,
 We more real pleasure will prove;
 While they in their palaces hate,
 We in our poor cottage will love.

TO make the wife kind, and to keep the house still,
 You must be of her mind, let her say what she will,
 In all that she does, you must give her her way;
 But tell her she's wrong, and you lead her astray.
 Then, husbands, take care, of suspicions beware;
 Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
 With confidence trust them, and be not such elves,
 To make, by your jealousy, horns for yourselves.

Abroad, all the day, if she chuses to roam, (home;
 Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to come
 The man she likes best, and wants most to be at,
 Be sure to commend, and she'll hate him for that.

Then husbands, &c.

What virtues she has, you may safely oppose;
 Whate'er are her follies, commend her for those;

Approve all the schemes, that she lays for a man,
Name but a vice, and she'll eir if she can.

Then husbands, &c.

HOW few amongst the thousand pairs,
By wedlock doom'd to constant cares,
Are fit the yoke to bear, are fit the yoke to bear ?
The husband claims his sovereign right,
The wife runs counter out of spight, (swear.
And does her vows forswear, and does her vows for-

But some there are, whom mutual love
Does prompt with free consent to move,
Submissive to their fate, &c.

Thrice happy is that prudent he,
Thrice happy is that prudent she,
Bless'd with so kind a mate, &c.

Should I and Celia ever join,
I would be her's, and she'd be mine ;
For we two would be one, &c.
Complying with each other's will,
Of gen'rous love would take our fill,
Our joys should ne'er be done, &c.

SY, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twist'd with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way :
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bless'd as they.

Not

Not fordid souls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move :

So two rich mountains of Peru,
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires,
With wanton flames ; those raging fires

The purer bliss destroy :
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs, whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are marry'd just like Stoic souls
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless :
As well may heavenly comforts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen :
Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,
With fire-brands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel setters bind
A gentle to a savage mind ;
For love abhors the sight :
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise, and forbid delight.

Two kindred souls alone must meet;
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
 And feeds their mutual loves:
 Bright Venus on her rolling throne
 Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
 And Cupids yoke the doves.

I. WATTS.

Tune, *Logan water.*

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love;
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part;
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And with, and with the soul away,
 'Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
 'To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other wishes I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

OLD poets have told us, when they were grown
 That Jupiter was a fantastical fellow, (mellow,
 He would chatter, and thunder, and wheedle, and
 (bellow,
Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

He was charm'd with a damsel, but could not tell how
 To humour his liquorish fancy, and so
 He clapp'd up his nymph in the shape of a cow,
Which no body, &c.

But

But here let us make up our poetry full ;
 For the man must have got no brains in his scull,
 Who does not conclude that Jove turn'd a bull.

His method of wooing was loud and sonorous,
 At the time of the year when the sun enters Taurus,
 Then Taurus did enter fair to the porous.

He gave her two horns for a screen to his love,
 As Juno gave him, as plainly does prove,
 There's a strumpet below, for a cuckold above.

The lovers by instinct together were moving,
 When he had a fancy on earth to be roving,
 Then she ran a bulling, or else ran a Joving.

They may pass for as clever a cornuted pair, (rare,
 As you e'er saw at Smithfield, where the fight is not
 Or at Brentford, or Rumford, or any Horn-fair.

Though I take it for granted, that nothing more odd is,
 Instead of a shepherdes lac'd in her bodice,
 That a swag-belly'd cow should go for a goddess.

Alexander, who conquer'd full many a foe,
 Mars, Hercules, Neptune, and more than we know,
 Were sons of this Jove, though not by Juno.

But as the prolific virtue wore off,
 His amorous feats made all the world laugh,
 He could get no more heroes, and so got a calf.

Diogenes grave, was the fruit of this rub,
 For his name does pronounce him a Jupiter's cub,
 He was born in a cow-house, and liv'd in a tub.

Let a concert of butchers remember the thing,
 Let cleavers and marrow-bones merrily ring,
 Such a jovial choir Io-Pean's may sing.

Which no body can, &c.

IF you, by fordid views misled,
 Prefer old Gripus to your bed,
 You'll bitterly lament it;
 For twenty ne'er did fifty wed,
 But both did soon repent it.

His peevishness, and thirst of gain,
 Would of each China cup complain;
 Each ribbon, patch, and pinner;
 And * Tit, and * Brisk, must ne'er again
 Eat from your plate at dinner.

Alarm'd by groundless jealousy,
 He'd to each random word apply
 Some base interpretation.
 Each meanless smile, or casual sigh,
 Would be an assignation.

Or though you're from these torments free,
 Indulg'd all day in visits, tea,
 And all that you petition;
 Ev'n then, alas! all night you'd be
 But in a poor condition.

For then he'd all endearments shun,
 And vainly boast what feats were done,
 When he was young and mighty;
 But now, alas! those days are gone,
 And so, my dear, good night t'ye.

But if, by inclination led,
 A youth of equal bloom you wed,
 No cares by day will tease ye;
 At night such joys will bless your bed,
 As cannot fail to please ye.

While therefore you to chuse are free,
 Chuse one whose years with yours agree,

By

* *A favourite cat and dog.*

By love alone directed ;
 Assur'd that happy days may be
 From happy nights expected.

THE morn was fair, the sky serene,
 The face of nature smil'd,
 Soft dews impearl'd the tufted plain,
 And daisy-painted wild :
 The hills were gilded by the sun,
 Sweet breath'd the vernal air ;
 Her early hymn the lark begun
 To soothe the shepherd's care.

When Mira fair, and Colin gay,
 Both fam'd for faithful love,
 Delighted with the rising day,
 Together sought the grove :
 And near a smooth translucent stream,
 That silent stole along,
 Thus Colin to his matchless dame
 Address'd the tender song.

Hark ! Mira, how from yonder tree
 The feather'd warblers sing !
 They tune their artless notes for thee,
 For thee more sweet than spring :
 How choice a fragrance through the air
 Those spring-born blossoms shed !
 How seems that violet proud to rear
 Its purple-tinctur'd head !

Ah ! Mira, had the tuneful race
 Thy heart-bewitching tongue,
 Who would not fondly haunt the place,
 Enamour'd while they sung ?
 Ye flow'rs, on Mira's bosom prest,
 Ne'er held ye place so fair,
 Though oft ye breathe on Venus' breast,
 And scent the Graces' hair.

Shalt

Shall I to gems compare thine eyes,
 Thy skin to virgin snows,
 Thy balmy breath, to gales that rise
 From ev'ry new-blown rose ?
 Ah ! nymph, so far thy charms outshine
 The fairest forms we see,
 We only guess at things divine
 By what appears in thee.
 'Twas thus enamour'd Colin sung
 His love-excited lays ;
 The grove with tender echoes rung,
 Resounding Mira's praise :
 And thus cries Love, who sported near,
 And wav'd his silken wings,
 What wonder, since the nymph's so fair,
 So fond the shepherd sings ?

THE night was still, the air serene,
 Fann'd by a southern breeze ;
 The glimm'ring moon might just be seen,
 Reflecting through the trees.

The bubbling water's constant course,
 From off th' adjacent hill,
 Was mournful echo's last resource,
 All nature was so still.

The constant shepherd sought this shade,
 By sorrow sore oppress'd,
 Close by a fountain's margin laid,
 His pain he thus express'd :

Ah ! wretched youth, why didst thou love,
 Or hope to meet success ;
 Or think the fair would constant prove,
 Thy blooming hopes to bless ?

Find me the rose on barren sands ;
 The lily 'midst the rocks ;

The

The grape in wild deserted lands ;
A wolf to guard the flocks.

Those you, alas ! will sooner gain,
And will more easy find,
Than meet with aught but cold disdain
In faithless womankind.

Riches alone now win the fair,
Merit they quite despise ;
The constant lover, through despair,
Because not wealthy, dies.

AS on a vernal ev'ning fair,
Damon and Celia, happy pair,
Sat on a flow'ry bank inclin'd ;
Beneath a fragrant myrtle shade,
While their young offspring round 'em play'd,
Thus ravish'd Damon op'd his mind.

Oh ! what happy state is this,
My Celia ! what a heav'n of bliss
Does love, pure, lawful love, supply ?
Whether I turn my look on thee,
Or yonder infant charmers see ;
Still views of joy salute my eye.

Life's highest blessings all are mine,
And doubly so by being thine,
Dear crown of all that I enjoy.
No anxious, guilty thoughts I find,
To discompose my peace of mind ;
Pure love yields sweets without alloy.

I draw no ruin'd virgin's tear,
No injur'd parent's curse I hear ;
I dread no violated laws,
I lose no honour, waste no wealth,
With no diseases wound my health,
Foul, as the shameful crime, their cause.

Our

Our holy union Heav'n approves,
 And smiles indulgent on our loves,
 As our unnumber'd blessings show :
 Oh ! let our virtue then improve,
 Let us secure more bliss above ;
 For more we cannot wish below.

AT dead of night, when care gives place,
 In other breasts, to soft repose,
 My throbbing heart feels no recess,
 Since love and Chloris are my foes.

At morn, when Phebus from the east
 Repels the gloomy shades of night,
 The grief that racks my tortur'd breast
 Redoubles at th' approach of light.

At noon, when most intense he shines,
 My sorrows more intense are grown ;
 At ev'ning, when the sun declines,
 They set not with the setting sun.

To my relief then hasten, death,
 And ease me of my restless woes :
 With joy I will resign my breath,
 Since love and Chloris are my foes.

OF all the toasts that Britain boasts,
 The gim, the gent, the jolly,
 The brown, the fair, the debonair,
 There's none cry'd up like Polly ;
 Sh'as fir'd the town, has quite cut down
 The opera of Rolli ;
 Go where you will, the subject still
 Is pretty, pretty Polly.

There's Madam Faustina Catso,
 And eke Madam Cusoni,

Likewise

Likewise Signior Senesino,

Are tutte abandonni.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, do re mi fa,

Are now but farce and folly !

We're ravish'd all with toll, loll, loll,

And pretty, pretty Polly.

The sons of Bays, in lyric plays,

Sound forth her fame in print o,

And as we pass, in frame and glass

We see her metzotinto :

In Ivy-lane, the city-strain

Is more on strait-lac'd Dolly ;

And all the bright's at Man's and White's

Of nothing talk but Polly.

Ah ! Johnny Gay, thy lucky play

Has made the critics grinn-a ;

They cry, 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,

But let them laugh that winn-a :

I swear parbleu, 'tis naif and new ;

Ill-nature is but folly.

Thou'lt lent a hitch to rent of Rich,

And set up Madam Polly.

Ah ! tuneful fair, beware, beware,

Nor toy with star and garter ;

Fine cloaths may hide a foul inside,

And you may catch a Tartar :

If powder'd fop blow up your shop,

'Twill make you melancholy,

Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,

Alas ! alas ! poor Polly.

BLab not what you ought to smother ;

Honour's laws should sacred be :

Boasting favours from another,

Ne'er will favour gain with me,

Ne'er will favour gain with me.

G g

Bug

But, inspir'd with indignation,
 Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
 Ere I'd trust my reputation
 With such fools as kifs and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,
 Never should the same reveal :
 He whom beauty crowns with pleasure,
 Cautious should his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
 Shall my fame from censure save ;
 One where truth and prudence center,
 And as secret as the grave.

DO not ask me, charming Phillis,
 Why I lead you here alone
 By this bank of pinks and lillys,
 And of roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty
 Of those flow'rs that crown the spring :

'Tis, to——but I know my duty,
 And I dare not name the thing.

'Tis, at worst, but her denying.
 Why should I thus fearful be ?

Ev'ry moment gently flying,
 Smiles, and says, Make use of me.

What the sun does to these roses,
 While the beams play gently in,
 I would—but my fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it,
 Ask my eyes, and ask your own ;
 And if neither can reveal it,
 Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lillies,
 Might I speak what I would do ;
 I would, with my lovely Phillis,
 I would, I would, — ah ! would you ?

O ! Jeany, Jeany, where hast thou been ?
 Father and mother are seeking of thee ;
 Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
 Keeping of Jocky company.

O ! Betty, I've been to hear the mill clack,
 Getting meal ground for the family :
 As fow as it gade, I brang hame the sack,
 For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha ! Jeany, Jeany, there's meal on your back,
 The miller's a wanton billy, and sleet ;
 Though victuals come hame again heal, what-reck
 I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.

And, Betty, ye spread your linen to bleach,
 When that was done, where could you be ?

Ha ! last, I saw you slip down the hedge,
 And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay, Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk ;
 But when it was skail'd, where could thou be ?

Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
 They say the kissing clerk came w'ye.

O ! silly lassie, what wilt thou do ?
 If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.

Look to yoursell, if Jock prove true :
 The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

Tune, *Down the burn Davis.*

A Slist your vot'ry, friendly nine,
 Inspire becoming lays ;
 Cante Celia's matchless beauty shine,
 Till heav'n and earth shall blaze.

G g 2

She's.

She's pleasant as returning light,
 Sweet as the morning-ray,
 When Phebus quells the shades of night,
 And brings the chearful day.

Her graceful forehead's wond'rous fair,
 As purest air serene ;
 No gloomy passions rising there
 O'ercast the peaceful scene :
 Her small bright eyebrows finely bend ;
 Transport darts from her eyes ;
 The sparkling di'mond they transcend,
 Or stars which gem the skies.

A rising blush, of heav'nly dye,
 O'er her fair cheek still glows ;
 Her shining locks in ringlets lie :
 Well thap'd and siz'd her nose.
 Her smiling lips are lovely red,
 Like roses newly-blown :
 Her iv'ry teeth, for most part hid,
 You'd wish for ever shown.

Her snowy neck and breasts, like glass
 Or polish'd marble smooth,
 That nymph's in beauty far surpass
 Who fir'd the Trojan youth.
 Her slender waist, white arm, and hand,
 Just symmetry does grace.
 What's hid, from these, if you demand,
 Let lively fancy trace.

A sprightly and angelic mind,
 Reigns in this comely frame,
 With decent ease acts unconfin'd,
 Inspires the whole, like flame.
 Minerva or Diana's state,
 With Venus' softness join'd,
 Proclaim her goddess, meant by fate,
 Love's rightsful Queen design'd.

Good gods, what raptures fire my soul !
 How flutters my fond heart !
 When tender glances art controul,
 And love suppress'd impart.
 Propitious pow'rs, make Celia mine,
 Complete my dawning bliss ;
 At monarchs pomp I'll not repine,
 Nor grudge their happiness.

Tune, *The last that would know*, &c.

BE wary, my Celia, when Celadon sues,
 These wits are the bane of your charms :
 Beauty play'd against reason will certainly lose,
 Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young Damon, despis'd for his plainness of parts,
 Has worth that a woman should prize ;
 He'll run the race out, though he heavily starts,
 And distance the short-winded wife.

Your fool is a saint in the temple of love,
 And kneels all his life there to pray ;
 Your wit but looks in, and makes haste to remove,
 'Tis a stage he but takes in his way.

LEander on the bay
 Of Hellespont, all naked stood ;
 Impatient of delay,
 He leap'd into the fatal flood :
 The raging seas, whom none can please,
 'Gainst him their malice show ;
 The heav'ns lowr'd, the rain down pour'd,
 And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,
 Thus of his fate he did complain :
 Ye cruel rocks and skies !
 Ye stormy winds and angry main !

What 'tis to miss the lover's bliss ;
 Alas !— ye do not know ;
 Make me your wreck, as I come back,
 But spare me—as I go.

Lo !—yonder stands the tow'r
 Where my beloved Hero lies !
 And this th' appointed hour,
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
 To his fond suit the gods were mute,
 The billows answer'd—No !
 Up to the skies the surges rise ;
 But sunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wishing maid,
 Divided 'twixt her care and love,
 Now does his stay upbraid,
 Now dreads he should the passage prove.
 O Fate !—said she, nor Heav'n nor thee,
 Our vows shall e'er divide :
 I'd leap this wall, could I but fall
 By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun
 Did to her sight reveal too late,
 That Hero was undone,
 Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
 Said she, I'll show, though we are two,
 Our loves were ever one ;
 This proof I'll give, I will not live,
 Nor shall he die—alone.

Down from the wall she leapt
 Into the raging seas to him,
 Courting each wave she met,
 To teach her wearied arms to swim :
 The sea-gods wept, nor longer kept
 Her from her lover's side ;
 When join'd at last, she grasp'd him fast,
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.

RECIT.

RECIT. **H**OW gentle was my Damon's air?
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
 How hard such beauties to resign!
 And yet that cruel task is mine!

SONG. **O**N every hill, in every grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing goats to 'spy,
 As o'er the airy steep they hung.
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now through the rambling vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known shade;
 I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 Where love and Damon fondly play'd.
 The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no
 Each flower in pity droops its head, (more,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon there I seek in vain.

Tune, *Cumbernauld-house*.

A Wake, ye drowsy swains, awake,
 Behold the beauteous morning break;
 Aurora's mantle gray appears,
 And harmony salutes the ears.

The

The lark has soar'd a wond'rous height,
 And, warbling, wings her airy flight;
 The birds, soft-brooding o'er their nests,
 Instruct their young from tuneful breasts.

A thousand beauties fill the plains;
 Each twig affords melodious strains;
 Through ev'ry eastern tree and bush,
 The virgin-day appears to blush.
 Already Damon with his crook
 Attends his flock at yonder brook;
 The charming Chloë's by his side,
 Of all the nymphs the shepherd's pride.

Unhappy sluggards in their beds,
 With parched throats, and aching heads,
 Have shut out day, and all its bliss,
 To revel in a strumpet's kiss.
 While rural swains enjoy the morn,
 And laugh at ev'ry courtier's scorn,
 Nor envy their voluptuous way;
 But, while they sleep, enjoy the day. A. BRADLEY.

Tune, *Pinkie-house*.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim:
 He feels the passion, void of art,
 The pure and constant flame.
 Though sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love condemn;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire;
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

Your

Your charms each slavish sense controul,
 A tyrant's short-liv'd reign :
 But milder reason rules the soul,
 Nor time can break the chain.

By age your beauties will decay,
 Your mind improves with years ;
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.
 May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
 And bless each future hour ;
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flower.

Tune, Banks of Forth.

THough now, my Celia, we must part,
 Still with thee shall I leave my heart :
 Where-e'er I go, whate'er I be,
 I never shall lose sight of thee.
 No time shall blot thee from my mind,
 No place shall leave thy form behind.
 If in my room I sit retir'd,
 I there shall with thy shape be fir'd.

If to the groves I sad repair,
 Thy image shall o'ertake me there :
 When in my garden I shall be,
 Where ev'ry flower shall point to thee.
 When sleep shall all my senses bind,
 Thee ever in my dreams I'll find.
 Thou shalt, when life is almost fled,
 Mix with the angels round my bed.

And when these guardian powers convey
 Me far from hence, not long I'll stay.
 Oft I'll descend a form unseen,
 Oft I shall join thee on the green :
 And when thou must no longer stay
 On earth, I'll bear thee glad away.

Together

Together up to Heaven we'll dart,
There never, never more to part.

HAve you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers ?
I am a tinkler to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders.
As scant as filler as of grace ;
Disbanded, we've a bad-run ;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a single flie
For any man's resentment :
For, Lady fair, though I appear
To every ane a tinkler ;
Yet to yoursel I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle Jinker.

Love Jupiter into a swan
Turn'd, for his lovely Leda ;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry aff Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argos blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinkler ?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man ;
But this fine plot you'll fail in ;
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron ;

For

For I've a tinkler under tack,
That's us'd to clout my caldron.

A Swain of love despairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel fate ;
His grief the shepherds sharing,
In circles round him sat.
The nymphs in kind compassion,
The luckless lover mourn'd ;
All who had felt the passion,
A sigh for sigh return'd.

O ! friends, your complaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear ;
Should Chloe but discover,
For me you'd shed a tear,
Her eyes she'd arm with vengeance,
Your friendship soon subdue ;
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
And for her mercy sue.

Her charms such force discover,
Resistance is in vain ;
Spite of yourself, you'll love her,
And hug the galling chain.
Her wit the flame increases,
And rivets fast the dart ;
She has ten thousand graces,
And each could gain a heart.

But, oh ! one more deserving
Has thaw'd her frozen breast ;
Her heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the rest.
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought distracts my brain ;
O cruel maid ! Then swooning,
He fell upon the plain.

Tune,

Tune, *Broom of Cowdenknows.*

BOast not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes ;
The charms that have subdu'd my heart,
Another may despise.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright :
Perhaps by some fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion know,
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire ;
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind ;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

Zephyr, who, with spring returning,
Wafted soft o'er opening flowers ;
Breathing in the face of morning,
Wakes Aurora from her bowers,
While with love's fierce flame I languish
In these dry and desert plains ;
Gently breathe and soothe my anguish,
Fan my breast, and ease my pains.

Tune,

Tune, The flowers of the forest.

A Dieu ye streams that smoothly glide
Through mazy windings o'er the plain,
I'll in some lonely cave reside,

And ever mourn my faithful swain.

Flower of the forest was my love,

Soft as the sighing summer's gale,

Gentle and constant as the dove,

Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my love did stray,

For me he search'd the banks around;

But ah! the sad and fatal day,

My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.

Now droops the willow o'er the stream,

Pale stalks his ghost on yonder grove,

Dire fancy paints him in my dream,

Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.

To the same tune.

I've seen the smiling
Of fortune beguiling,

I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;

I've seen, &c.

Sweet was its blessing,

Kind its carelling,

But now 'tis fled,—fled far away.

Sweet was, &c.

I've seen the forest

Adorned the foremost

With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;

H h

Sac

Sae bounny was their blooming,
 Their scent the air perfuming ;
 But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the middle day.
 I've seen, &c.

I've seen Tweed's silver streams
 Shining in the sunny beams ;
 Grow drumbly and dark as he row'd on his way.
 I've seen, &c.

O fickle fortune !
 Why this cruel sporting ?
 O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.

Tune, *Rosline castle.*

'T WAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay ;
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
 While Rosline castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song :
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away ;

In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song :
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away ;
Come while the muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine ;
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

Tune, *The Highland Queen.*

NO more my song shall be, ye swains,
Of purling streams or flow'ry plains ;
More pleasing beauties me inspire,
And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre ;
Divinely aided, thus I mean
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd ;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike the smiles on you or me
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy ;
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
 And adds a lustre to the whole ;
 A matchless shape, a graceful mein,
 All centers in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate
 Has destin'd for so fair a mate ;
 Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,
 And each returning day brings more ;
 No youth so happy can be seen,
 Possessing thee my Highland Queen.

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